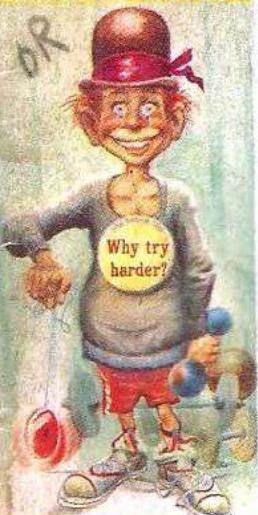


MARCH No. 51



# SLICK SPOOF

SUPER SPIES

MOTORCYCLE MANIACS

RICH KID

30¢

PDC

LET US  
ENTERTAIN YOU



BOB  
TAYLOR



Welcome to the Diner's Club!

# ALL-AMERICAN TEAM

Script by  
Calvin Castine

Good Evening ladies and gentlemen. Tonight we have a really big, really big, really big shhheeeewwww. We're going to have the famous Bantu Pygmies shoot 5,000 poison darts into the audience. Also we'll have on this stage one million trained bees to hum "April Showers". But our first presentation tonight will be the Kook Magazine All American Football Team. I think tonight's show will be the biggest sheewww we ever had. The right end's shoe size is 22, Triple "E". That's really a big, really big, sheewww. Let's take it away!

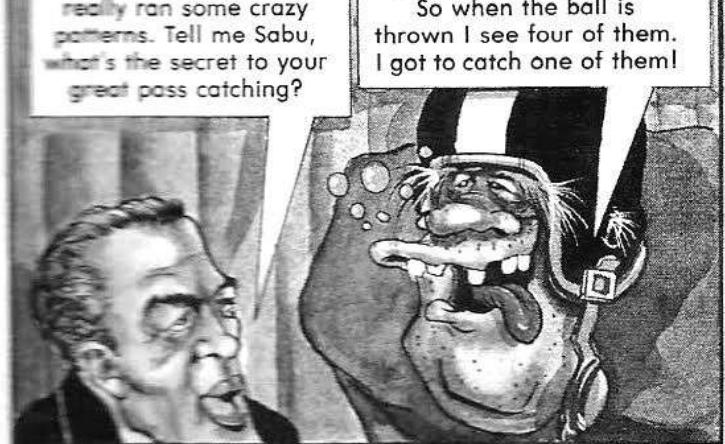
BOB TAYLOR

At right end, at 6'3", 226 lbs., from Seagram University, Sabu Suds. Congratulations, Sabu.

Sabu, try and stand up.

Suds was the best tight end ever at Seagram U. He was bombed out for 10 consecutive games. He really ran some crazy patterns. Tell me Sabu, what's the secret to your great pass catching?

Hic! I'sh very simble. I already shuffer from double vision, and when I get loaded I see double. So when the ball is thrown I see four of them. I got to catch one of them!



Right Guard at 5'9", 271 lbs., from Arm Pit A&M, DeWitt Leif Kettle.

DeWitt, was the Committee's only unanimous choice. They felt he needed Right Guard more than anybody else in the country. DeWitt was unable to attend today, he's being boiled in Dial soap.

Center at 6'4", 231 lbs., from Ex-Lax State Teachers: Herod McClung

It says here, Herod, that you never made a bad pass in your four years at Ex-Lax. That's tremendous. How do you account for that?

We never had the ball. Our players fumbled every kickoff for four years.

Left Guard, 3'2", 97 lbs., from Massachusetts Institute of Pygmies: Rimske Crush...

Rimske, don't you find it pretty rough playing against those big guys?

Playing dirty helps a lot. I'll throw dirt in their eyes or eavesdrop on their huddle. Sometimes I put oil on the ball.

You're a real scrapper.

Left Tackle, 6'2", 227 lbs., from Rat Fink University: Pierpont Ott...

Your greatest game was against the Sing Sing Lifers when you made 24 unassisted tackles.

Yeah, it's a shame 20 of those tackles were against the referee. But I couldn't tell them apart.

That's true, but they didn't move too well with those balls and chains.

Don't be modest, you still tackled four of them.

Left End, 6'5", 220 lbs., from Benedict Arnold College: Elihu Greenleaf Fizz...

Elihu, you were lonesome end at Benedict Arnold. Didn't you ever go into the huddle?

No, I wasn't allowed.

Oh I see, this would add more deception to your offense.

No, I had dirty underwear.

Who thought up that offense?

B. O., you know.

Our coach, Katy Winters.

Left Half Back, at 5'11", 173 lbs., a speedster from Rat Fink Military Institute: Faye Beauregard Seltzer...

Faye, you were the greatest broken field runner ever at Rat Fink.

That's right, I was great on those fields that were all broken up, but when I got on those nice green football fields, I wasn't so hot.

Quarterback, 6'1", 195 lbs., from Dropout Reserve: Mahatma Quilt...

Mahatma, everybody remembers that great game against Chicken Liver U when you made 41 passes. That's what I call clutch playing.

Rival coaches have said your vision is amazing. Is this a sixth sense or did you spend countless hours trying to develop it?

Yeah, but I got slapped everytime. Boy they had luscious cheer leaders.

No, I guess you could say I was born with it. I have an eye in the back of my head.

Oh, I thought that helmet you had was kind of funny. Does it ever bother you?

Only when I get a haircut.

Well, that's the team folks, let's hear it—really hear it for these fellows.

Here are just a few acts for next week. On this stage and this stage only, the hottest thing in the business. Mt. Aetna erupting! That's right; lava, hot rocks, and the

whole works.

Jackie Mason with boxing gloves, and someone who really knows what a really big sheewww is, The Old Lady Who Lived In A Shoe!

# EXPOSÉ

This Year, motorcycle clubs have come into their own, cutting a brutal path along the American landscape, creating a stir of controversy in government and press. But what is the REAL story of the rebel cyclists? Are their cursing, scratching members as tough and ruthless as they appear? What are their hopes — their ambitions? Do they have mothers? Fathers? Do they attend Sunday School?

**SICK**, which is more than a humor magazine (or is it less?), hopeful that the public know the truth, assigned one reporter, Norbert Wolfberg, to live with, become part of, ride with a group called THE ROADENTS. Here is his exclusive, hard-hitting story...

Script by Fred Wolfe

# SICK JOINS A MOTORPSYCHO CLUB

Art by The Professor





Here, trying to appear inconspicuous near the suspected motor-psychists' hangout, is Norbert Wolfberg, our Sick undercover reporter, who has been trying for months to join the ROADENTS. At first, he tried to get into Sinatra's Rat Pack, but he gradually worked his way down.



Each member then jumps up and down on the jacket to help grind the filth in. Unfortunately, Norbert was in his at the time.



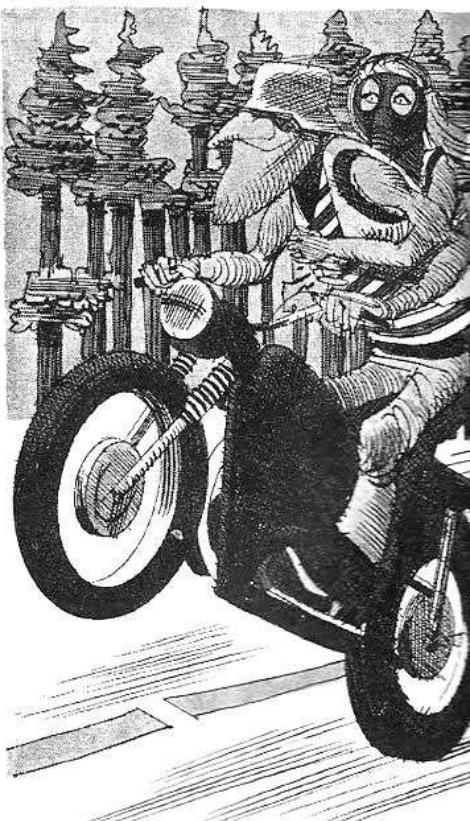
Well, finally someone's noticed Norbert—he was the only one using a deodorant! His months of just hanging around have paid off. After a few apprentice runs (*over the local police force*) the ROADENTS are willing to make him a full-fledged member.



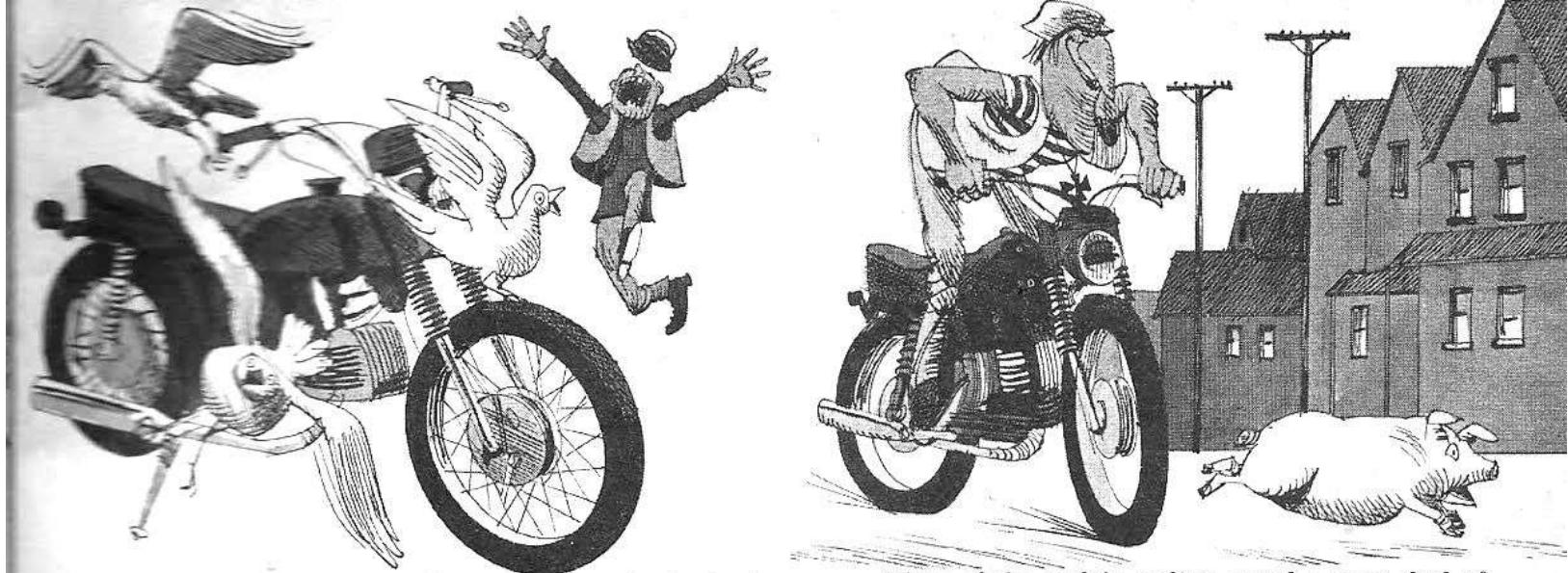
Norbert must never wash or clean his jacket, if he is to retain his "distinctive" status. Although the jackets smell something awful, they enable the members to find each other in the dark. Many members wear original German World-War-II helmets—some of which still contain the original German!



Norbert is issued a club jacket (*they got it by clubbing a former member*). Beer, garbage and various other filth are dumped on this jacket to give the wearer a certain casual "air."



Now that he is a member, Norbert has brought along a girl friend for a weekend of wild parties and cycling fun. His girl put on a gas mask the minute she got wind of the festivities (*and of Norbert!*)

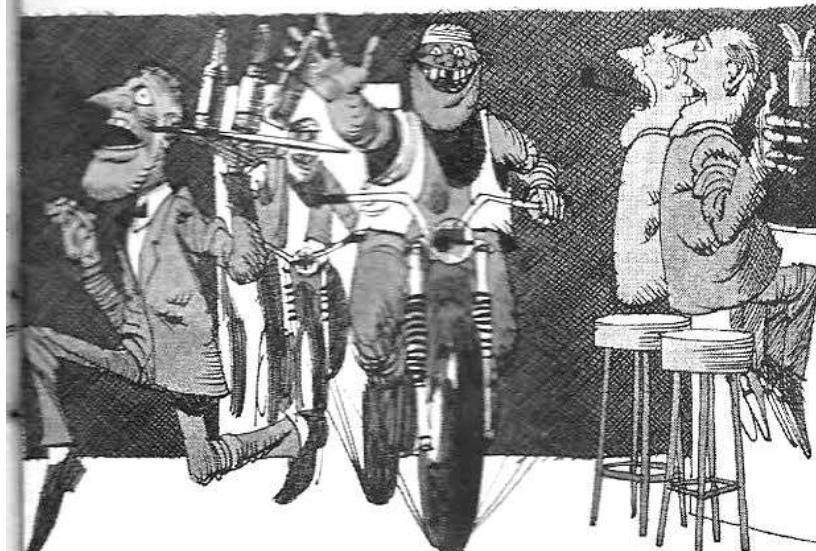


Norbert has his own "Hog" (*motorcycle*) that he has customized to his own personal tastes, and has painted it red to cover any tell-tale stains. All the club members take great pride in keeping their second-hand bikes as clean as their original owners kept them. Their original owners are now out pounding a beat.

Many of the outlaw cyclists spend a great deal of money on their choppers (*their teeth, not their bikes*) as these boys tend to get in a lot of rumbles. Some of these "hogs" are capable of doing 100 miles per hour (*the guys, not the motorcycles*) when they are caught stealing hub-caps.



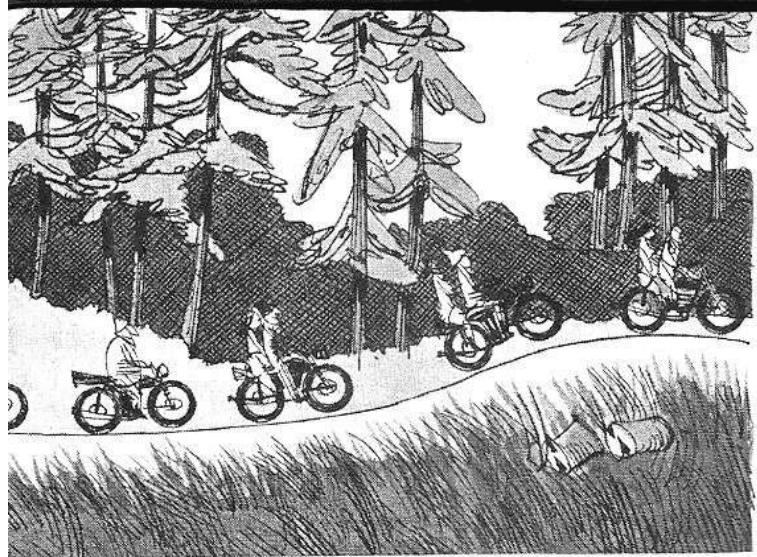
The club meetings are quite informal and are held once a week. Sometimes they spend a day at the local zoo, where the animals stare at *them*!



Sometimes the meetings are held in a bar. The ROADENTS love to get "stoned" and hold drag races on their bikes. The bartender keeps pleading with them to hold these races *outside*!



At these meetings, among other business, membership fees and dues are collected. (*Sometimes from perfect strangers!*)



Several rebel clubs often join together to make a run, and head for quiet, peaceful resort areas. These resort areas are quiet and peaceful, because they are usually evacuated before the motorcycle clubs get there.



The runs are carefully planned, but unforeseen events can complicate things. Here the ROADENTS have made a wrong turn, and discover the naked truth.



Police harrassment is also a common occurrence on a run.— The motorcyclists harrass the police something awful!



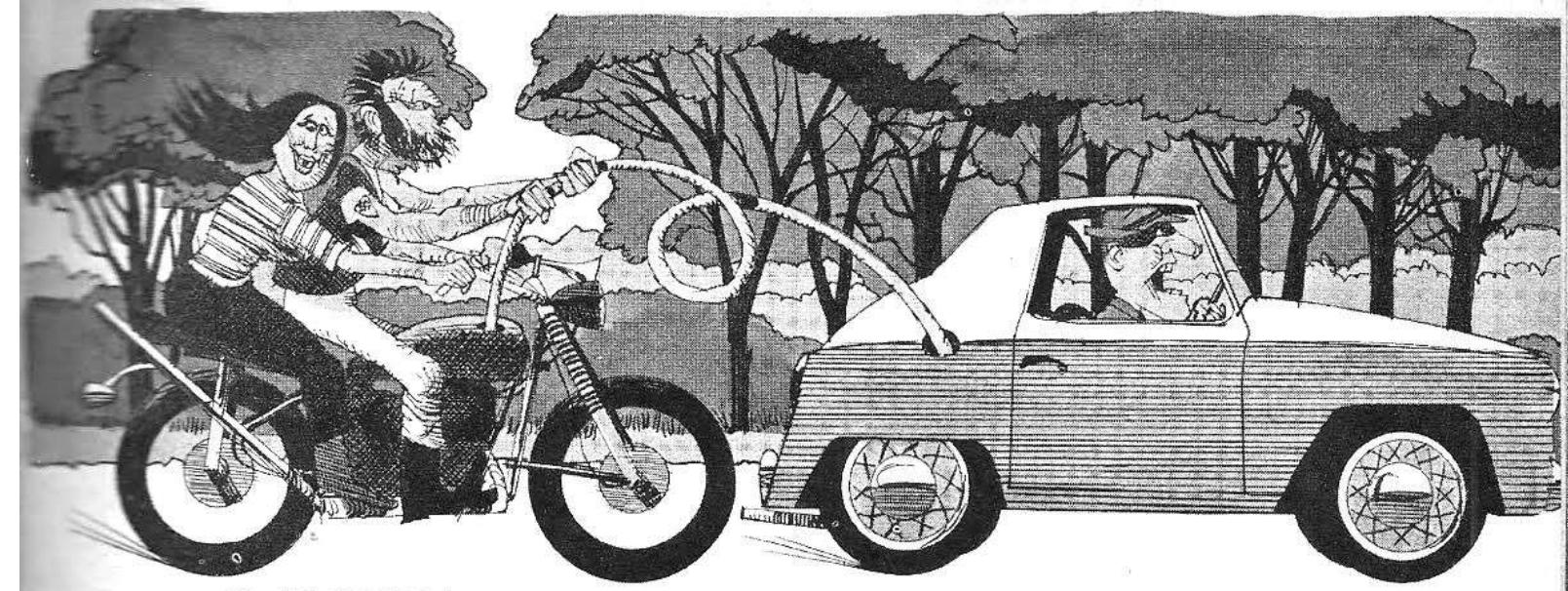
The runs always include a couple of pickup trucks for carrying beer. (*These guys firmly believe in driving themselves to drink!*) And they usually include some sleeping bags. (*That's what they call their girls!*)



Sometimes, they bump into old acquaintances, which can knock them for a loop. (*Usually, they are looped already*).



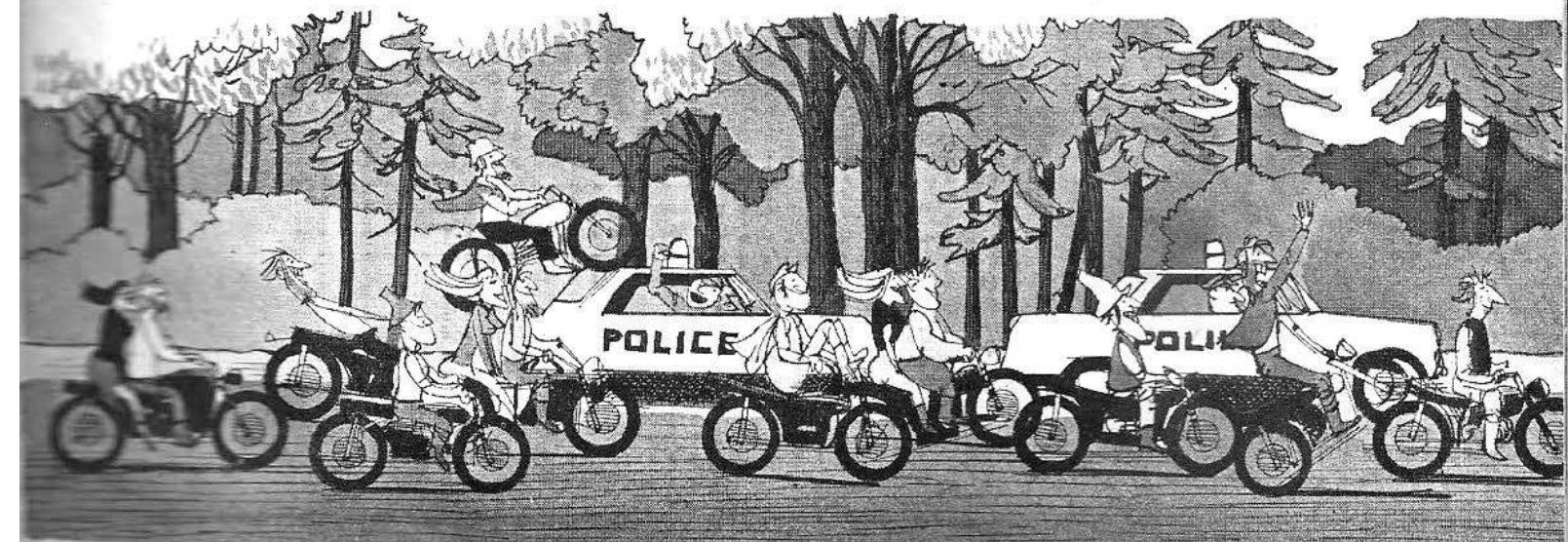
Sometimes a few of them end up in jail, but they enjoy it, because they usually have a reunion with members of other motorcycle clubs. The police check the records of this fugitive group carefully, and release them the minute they find that none of them is Richard Kimble!



The ROADENTS have devised a clever re-fuelling system that they learned from the Air Force that enables them to refuel while in motion. Many of them are careless while siphoning the stuff, and often get high on high octane.

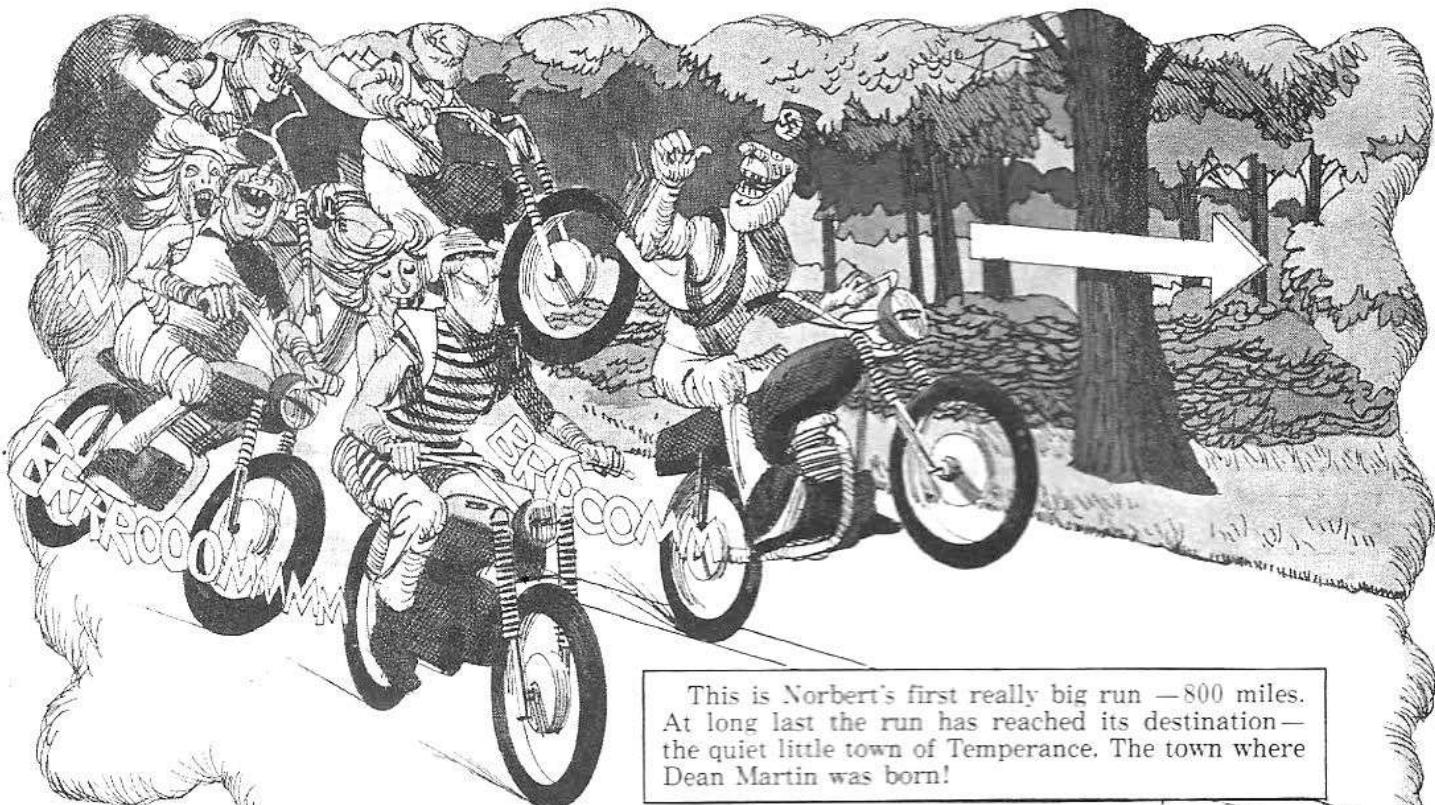


There are nevertheless frequent stops, and the time saved by refuelling in motion is usually lost here.



The police are alerted weeks in advance of a run, and can usually handle the situation. However, if the

motorcyclists come in force, it is often the police who are escorted out of town!



This is Norbert's first really big run — 800 miles. At long last the run has reached its destination — the quiet little town of Temperance. The town where Dean Martin was born!



# **THE REAL STORY of The Roadents can only be heard from the town's six survivors.**

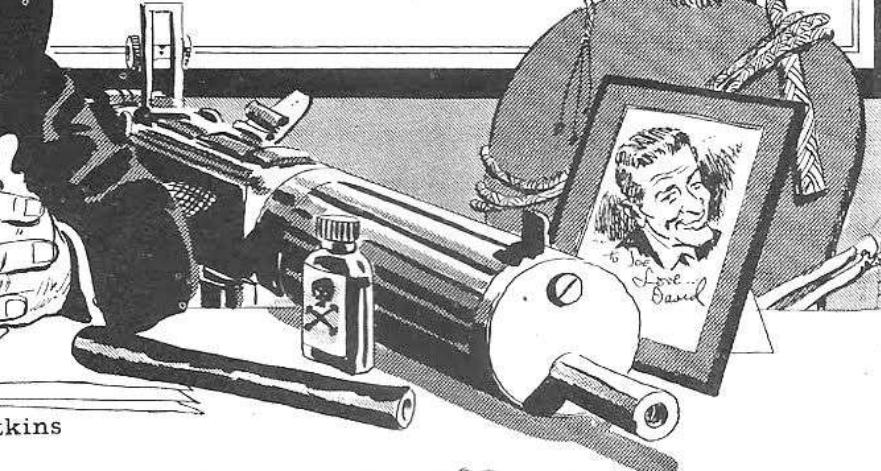
**BE SURE TO SEE MORE OF THE ROADENTS... (and Sick reporter Norbert Wolfberg)  
IN YOUR LOCAL POLICE LINE-UP!**

The "talk shows" are the talk of the radio and television broadcasting industry. Joe Pyne is talking back to his guests for several hours a day. And many other controversial talkers are also interviewing everyone from Dick Nixon

to people who ride on flying saucers. In fact, so many people are being interviewed that soon, interviewers will have to interview relatives and even relatively normal people. This is the way it might go, on ....

My name is Joe Pain, and by this time you all should know why. Let's get started insulting our guests. They said I couldn't keep on finding controversial guests for 40 years.

# The JOE PAIN SHOW



Art by Angelo Torres Script by Jim Atkins

Tonight...our first guest...  
A grandmother. I'll be  
asking her some questions  
about this grandmother  
business. Here she is...

So you say you're a  
grandmother. Just what  
does a grandmother do?  
Do you ride flying saucers,  
do you ever read "Time"  
magazine?

I'm just a grandmother. I  
have a house in the woods  
and Little Red Riding Hood  
comes to visit me a lot.

Little Red Riding Hood. So,  
you consort with reds...  
Tell me, grandmother, how  
long have you been a  
member of the Communist  
party. And if you aren't,  
when did you stop beating  
your old, aged husband!



Just what do you do when you're not fooling around with reds, or beating up old men? Send blood to the Viet Cong?

So, you fluoridate your false teeth. Little Red Riding Hood, indeed. The people in the beef box will fix your little RED wagon.

Are there any controversial questions from the audience? Lower the mike for that boy.

I guess you're getting medicare, letting the government pay for all those operations instead of dying, eh, grandmother ...

Good, insulting question, boy ... Now get lost—you should be in bed ...

Obviously, you spend all your time puttering around the house ... calling up your children and complaining. Why don't you stop being such a radical?

I feel for people, I'm not like you. On the way over I saw a beggar with a beat-up old tin cup.

A beat-up tin cup ... what sadistic liberal would go around beating up tin cups. Take a long walk, grandmother. No car fare. Walk the ten miles back to your house.

It just shows you. You can't trust anyone. Who would have thought it. My own grandmother ...

# THE MAD COMPUTERS

Our mystery cartoonist, the incredible **Thumbtack**, has done it again! In the dead of night, he (or it) crept silently into our garden and left another batch of his mad computer-cartoons with the **really Big Look**. In fact, it's so **really big**, Thumbtack may be asked to appear on Ed Sullivan!

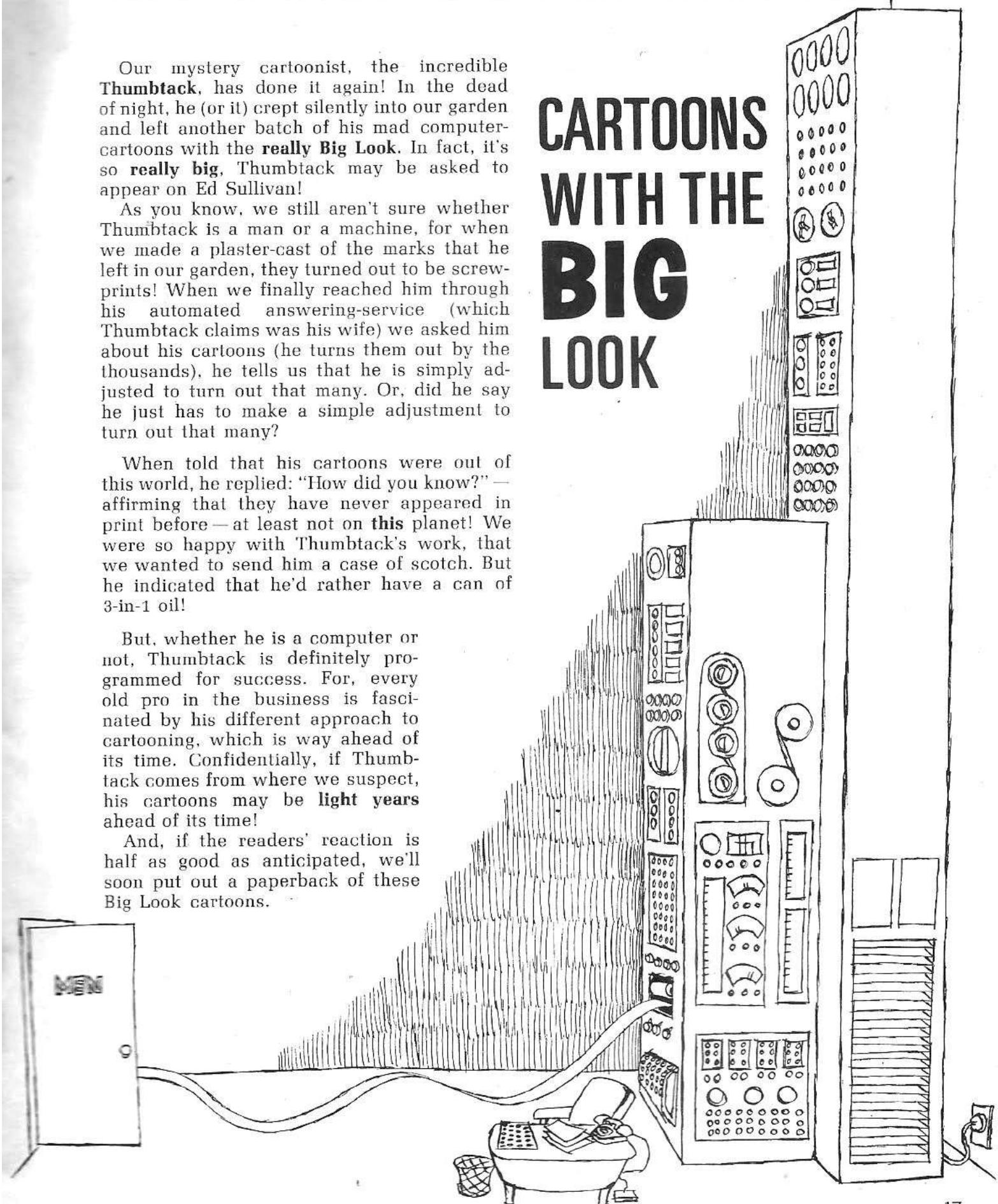
As you know, we still aren't sure whether Thumbtack is a man or a machine, for when we made a plaster-cast of the marks that he left in our garden, they turned out to be screw-prints! When we finally reached him through his automated answering-service (which Thumbtack claims was his wife) we asked him about his cartoons (he turns them out by the thousands), he tells us that he is simply adjusted to turn out that many. Or, did he say he just has to make a simple adjustment to turn out that many?

When told that his cartoons were out of this world, he replied: "How did you know?"—affirming that they have never appeared in print before—at least not on **this** planet! We were so happy with Thumbtack's work, that we wanted to send him a case of scotch. But he indicated that he'd rather have a can of 3-in-1 oil!

But, whether he is a computer or not, Thumbtack is definitely programmed for success. For, every old pro in the business is fascinated by his different approach to cartooning, which is way ahead of its time. Confidentially, if Thumbtack comes from where we suspect, his cartoons may be **light years** ahead of its time!

And, if the readers' reaction is half as good as anticipated, we'll soon put out a paperback of these Big Look cartoons.

## CARTOONS WITH THE **BIG LOOK**



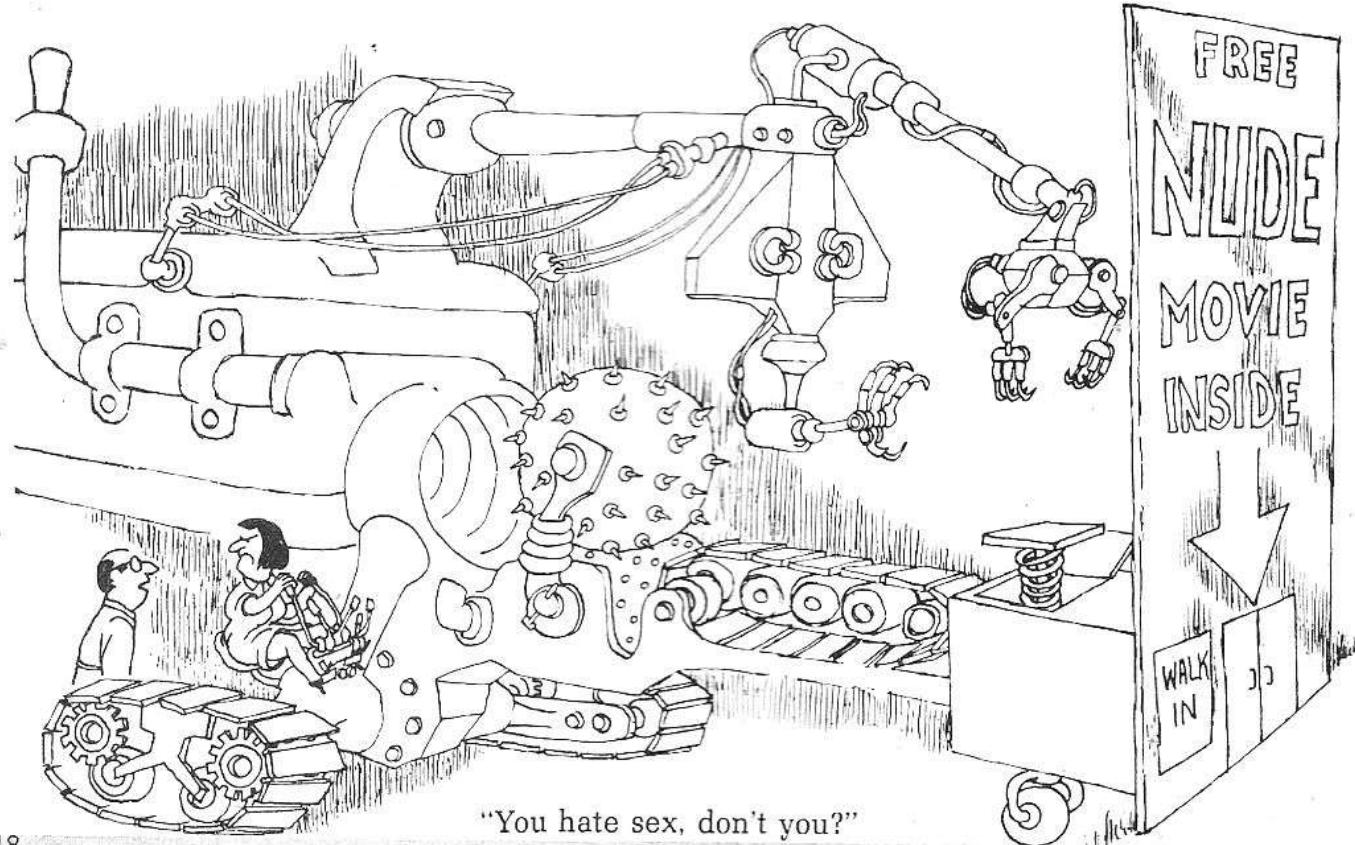
# THUMBVACK



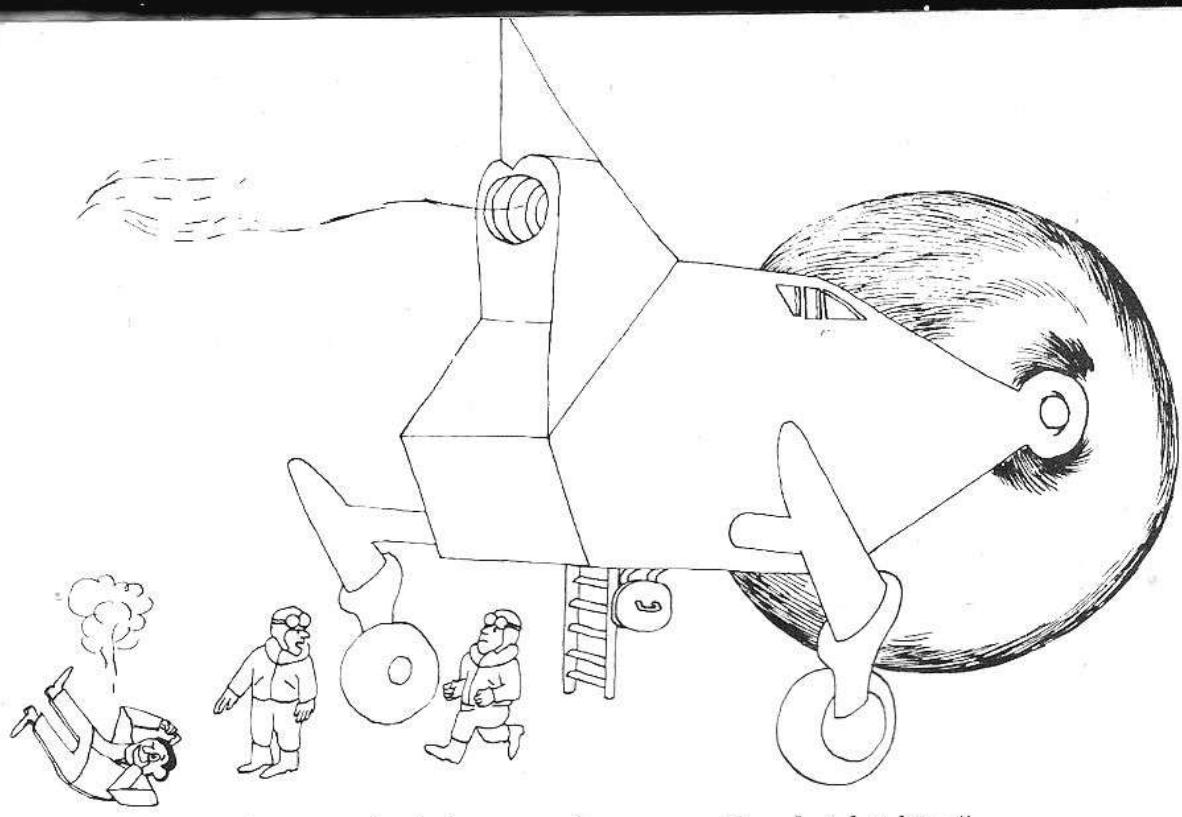
"Zoom-zoom...  
The rockets go zoom...  
Dick is going to Alpha Centauri...  
Dick and Jane are going to Alpha Centauri..."



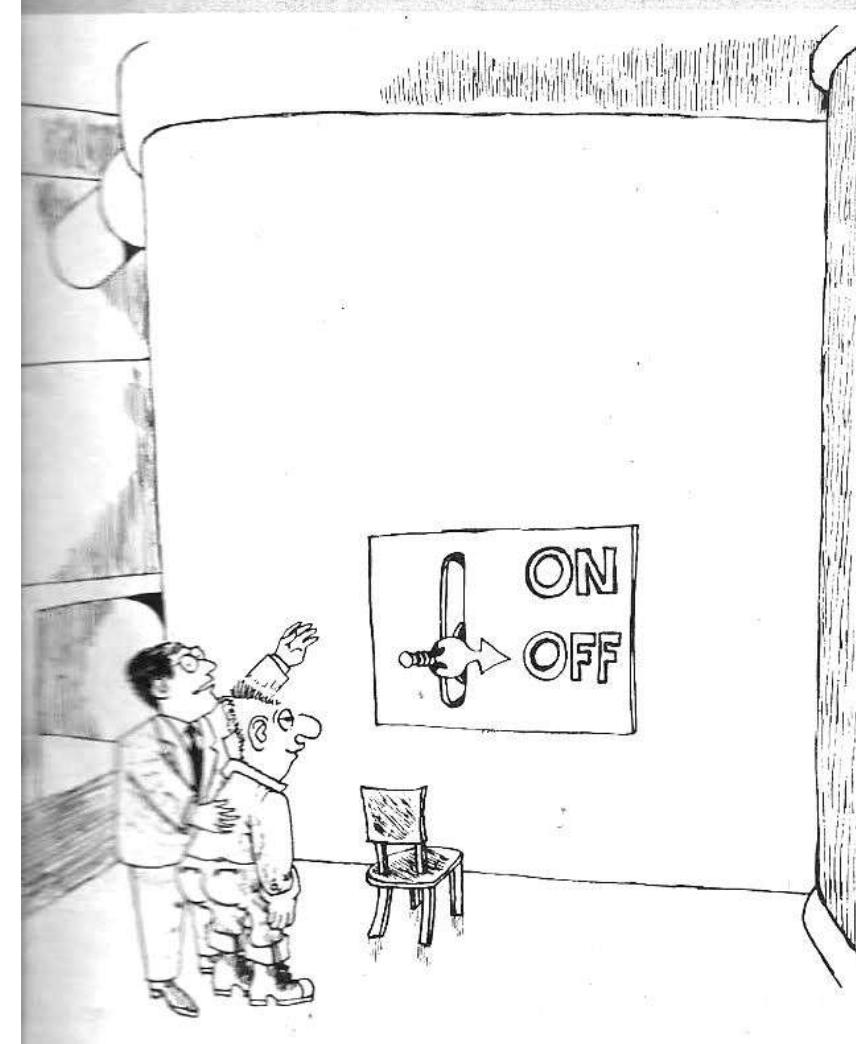
"When I ask a yes or no question,  
I expect a yes or no answer".



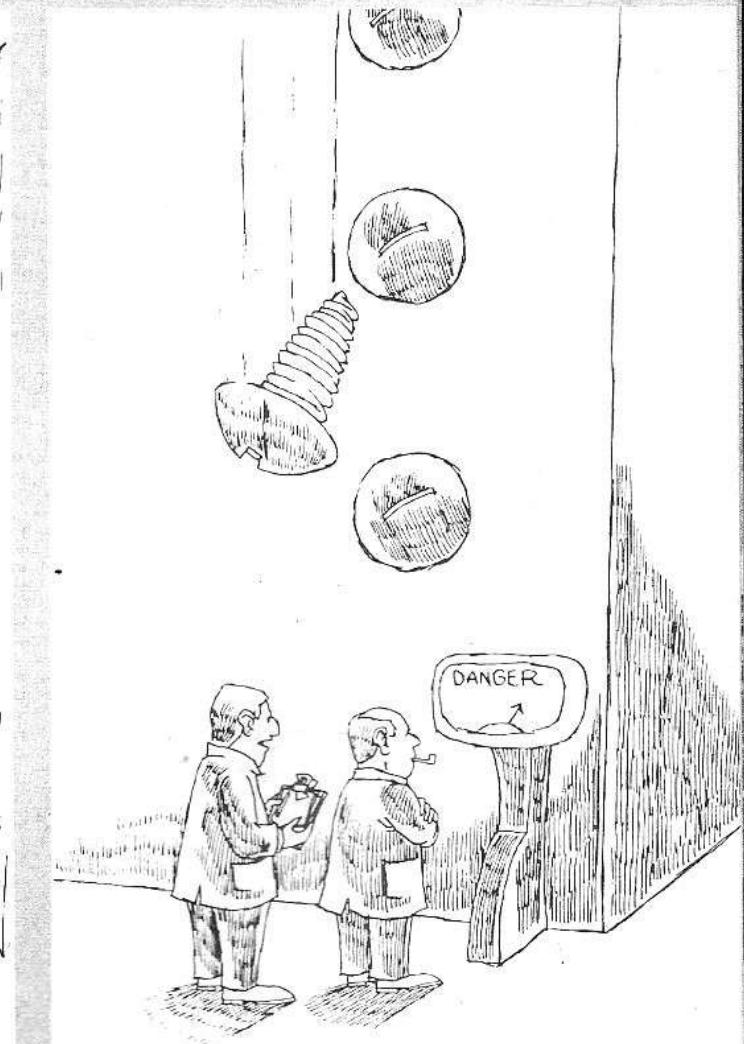
"You hate sex, don't you?"



"The poor devil, he never knew exactly what hit him."



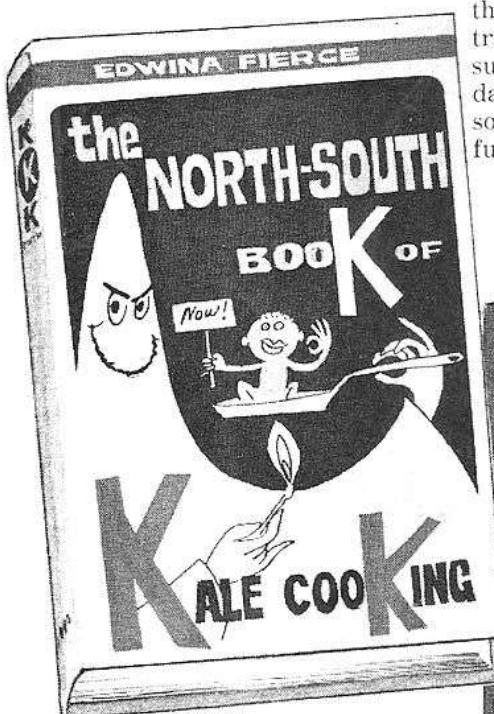
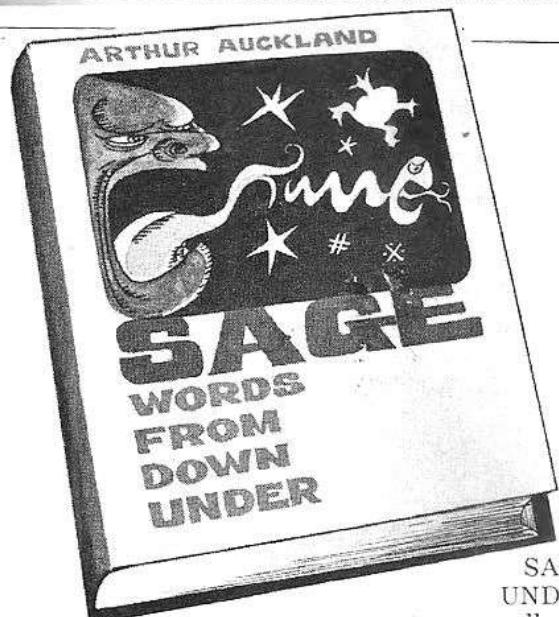
"Now don't try to learn it all your first day."



"It isn't serious! Probably a loose screw."

# SICK BOOK SECTION

Clearance  
Sale!



THE NORTH-SOUTH BOOK OF KALE COOKING, by Edwina Fierce—This book features 23,574 recipes for using kale in your kitchen. Ever tried kale cookies? Or kale kumquats? You will when you read this delightful book for gourmets. Countless other kale tricks for only—\$7.30.



Once again, book readers, it is time for our semi-annual clearance sale of great, great books at low, low prices. You may have missed some of these outstanding buys the first time around at original prices, but now you may stock up on these classics at fantastic reductions.

Some of our specials:

Script by Bill Majeski

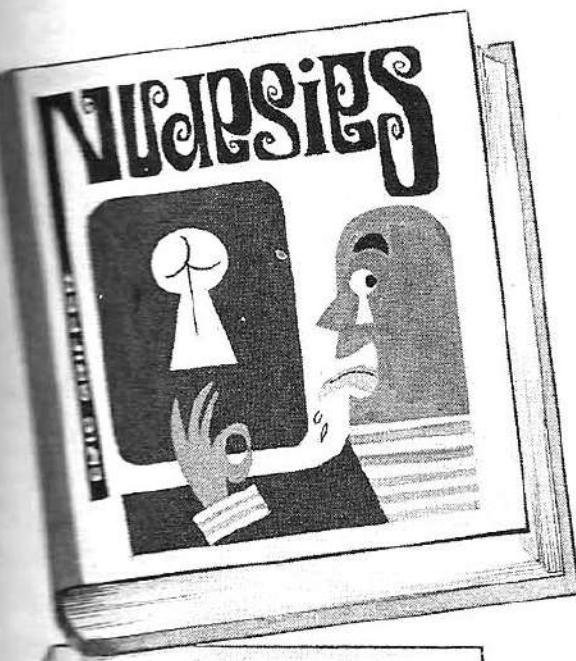
Art by Arnold Franchioni

SAGE WORDS FROM DOWN UNDER, by Arthur Auckland—A collection of 481 terse sayings from the 18th Century bushmen of Australia. Nearly all can be applied succinctly and effectively to everyday dealings in today's political, social and business life. Some are funny. Price—39 cents.

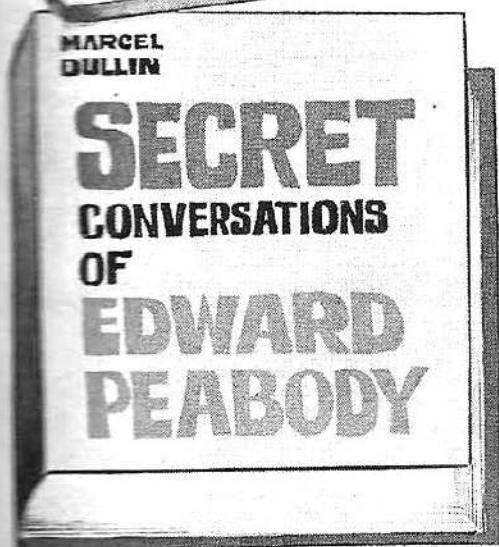


NEW BERN, CAROLINA, by Harry Beeches—A handsome 12 by 19-inch book in full color showing the beauty of old New Bern. See fields of tobacco, see the dirty roads, the murky swamps and other landmarks that distinguish this grand old Carolina town. See the realistic color photograph of the city's telephone exchange and several exciting pictures of local eccentrics committing various acts of a stupid nature—19 cents (with the old one).

STORIES FOR FILLING STATION ATTENDANTS, by Edgar Primer—A riotously funny book filled with anecdotes of special interest to gas station workers, but fun for the entire family. Included are the famous stories of the rich woman who wanted three gallons and the orphan who ran away from home to join a nation-wide oil can concern. Only 60 cents; high-test 75 cents.



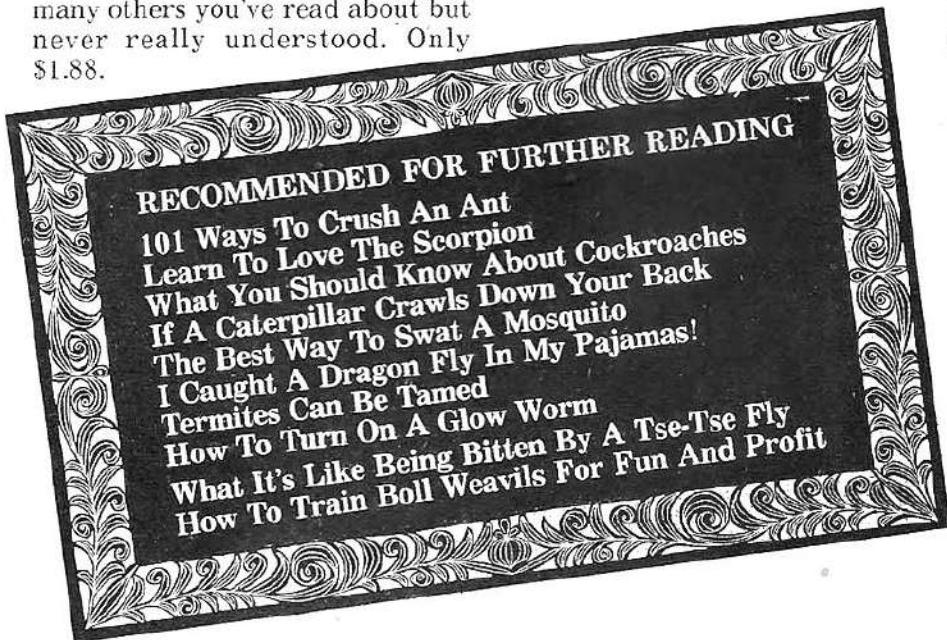
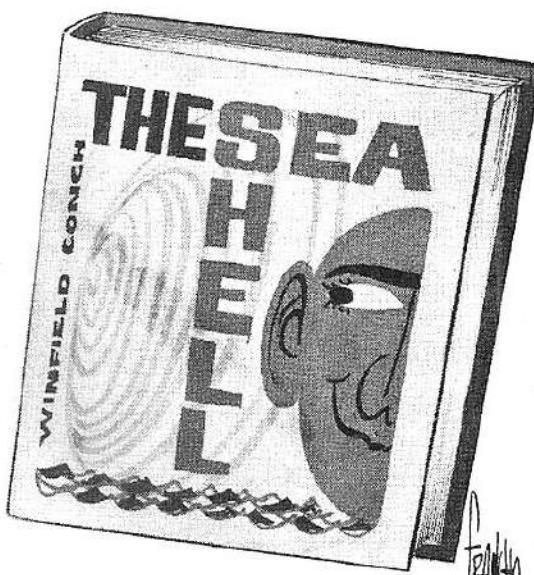
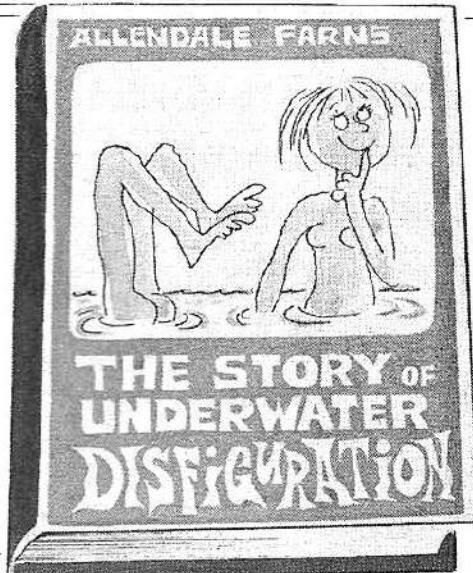
THE STORY OF UNDERWATER DISFIGURATION, by Allendale Farns—Professor Farns, long recognized in the journalistic field by his unusual walk, explains the mechanism of submersive activities and unplanned projectilism. He handles the delicate subject matter carefully and in the best of taste. In addition, he gives the readers a clear picture, taken by a well-known professional photographer. Only \$1 and change.



SECRET CONVERSATIONS OF EDWARD PEABODY, by Marcel Dullin—Daring, intimate and revealing conversations of one of America's most forgotten men. Many knew him, some spoke to him. Most ignored him. His refusal to appear in the public eye and his disdain for notoriety paved the way for his secret talks with people who knew him well. You'll love the sparks of genius and depth in Peabody's talk with Tom Biler after Tom lost his surfboard. Just \$3.22. Come early and browse—and buy!

NUDESIES, by Eric Griffer—A collection of photographs showing the nudest women in the world (the kind men like). You'll see charming undraped women reclining in various attitudes of repose and buoyant, bubbling girls, laughing and cavorting and just being themselves. A must for artists or men who like to look at women without clothes. A bargain at \$76.54.

THE SEA SHELL, by Winfield Conch—When was the last time you read a definitive study on this subject? Well, this is the book. A pictorial feature depicting the world's most famous shells is sure to please. You'll see the "Shell Heard Round the World," "Two Shells That Pass in the Night," "The Good Shell That's Hard To Find," and the "Shell in Mrs. Murphy's Overalls," together with many others you've read about but never really understood. Only \$1.88.



# LOOK WHO'S AND I ME

Great idea, your majesty.  
Putting a toll-booth  
on London Bridge!

AND I ME



All right, I'll tell you!  
You've got bad breath!

Like, man. That  
governor's pardon didn't  
come a minute  
too soon!



# TALKING

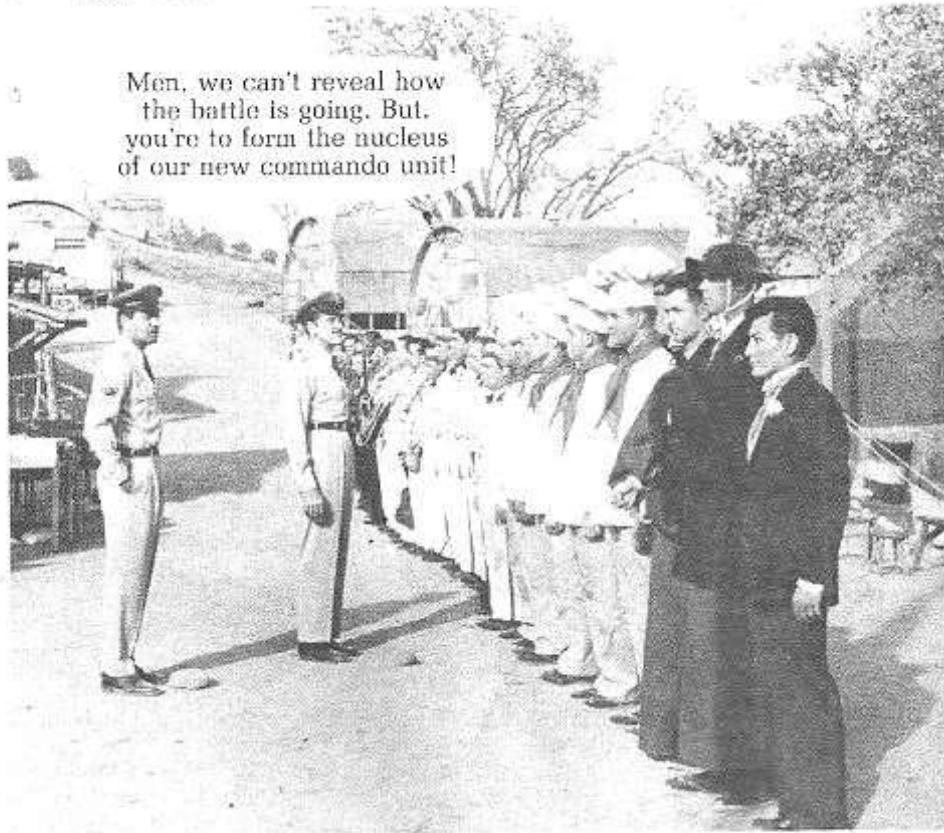
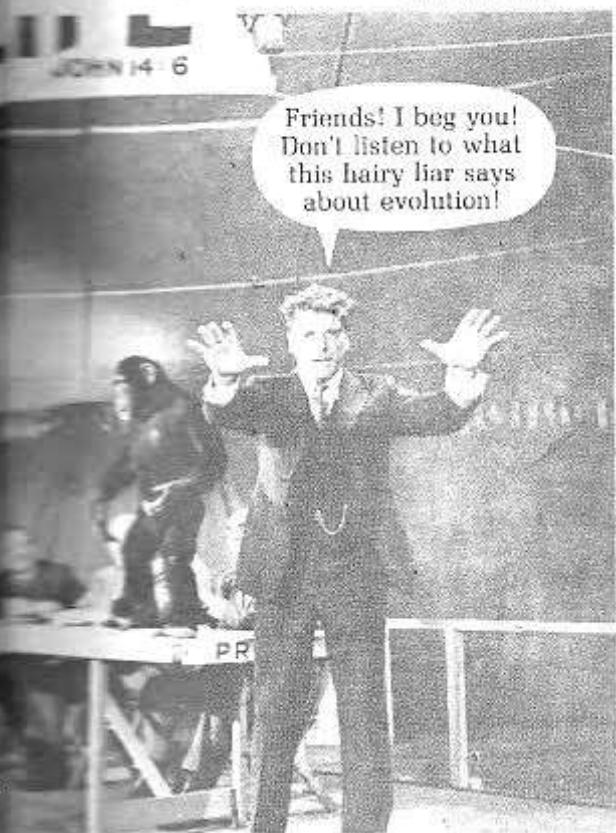


by

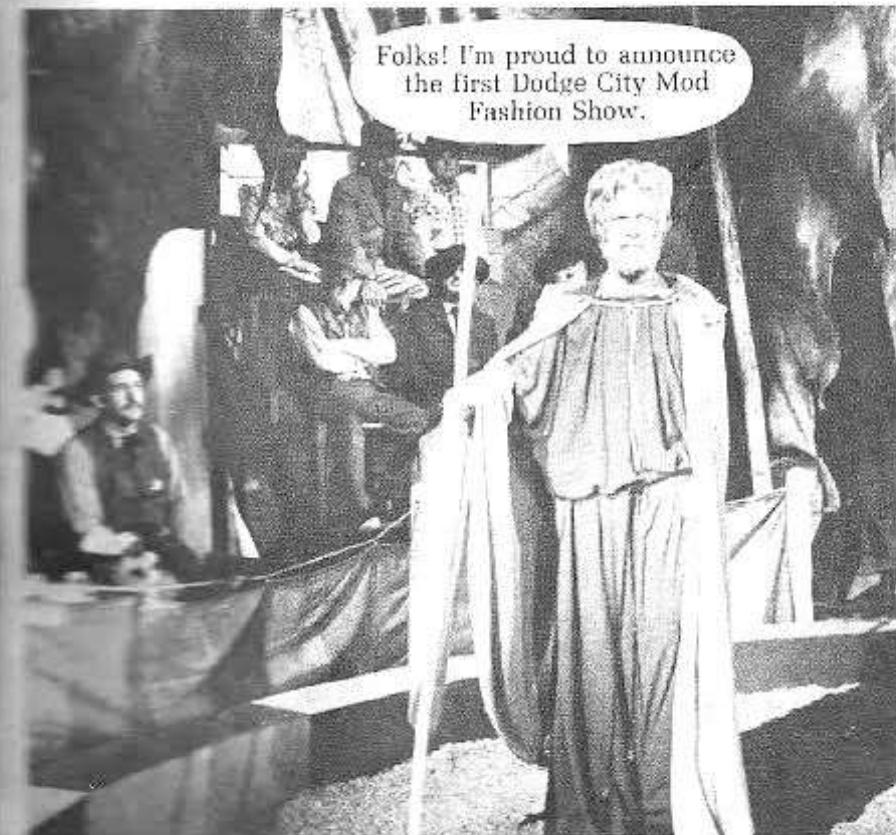
FRED WOLFE

JOHN 14:6  
Friends! I beg you!  
Don't listen to what  
this hairy liar says  
about evolution!

Men, we can't reveal how  
the battle is going. But,  
you're to form the nucleus  
of our new commando unit!



Folks! I'm proud to announce  
the first Dodge City Mod  
Fashion Show.

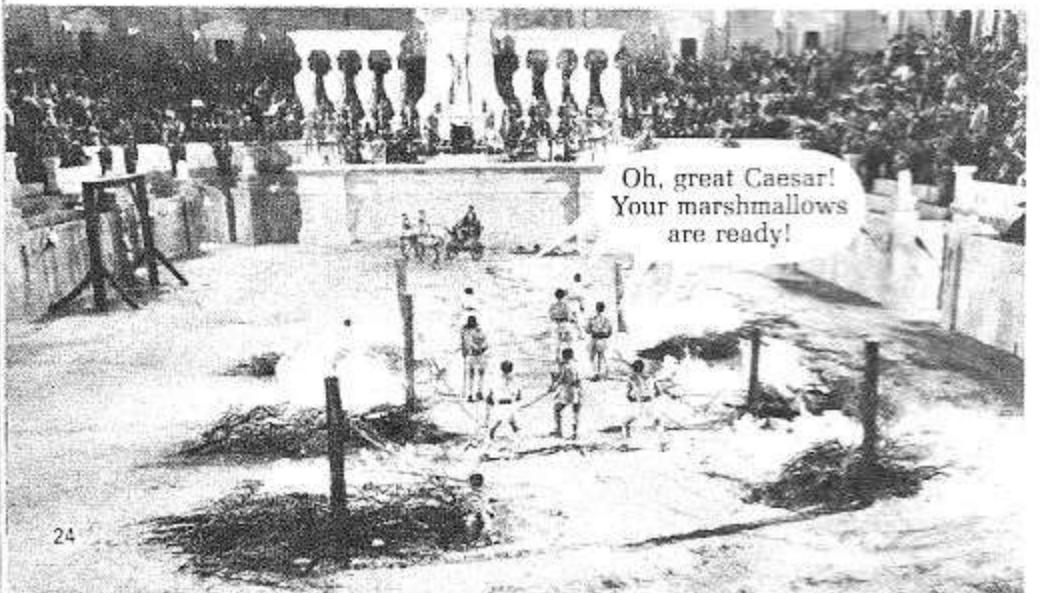
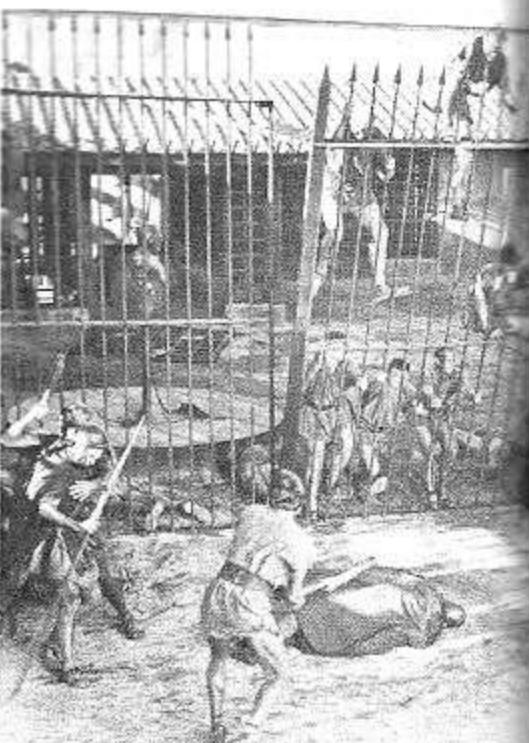
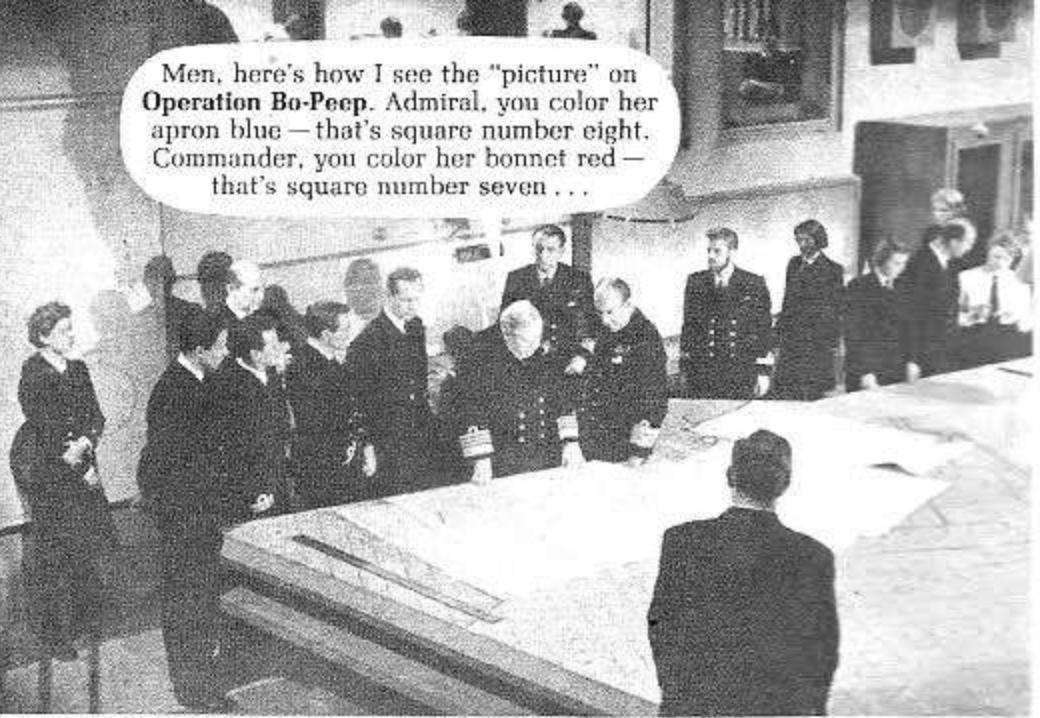


Do you think we'll  
have a little girl?

We've got one!  
I just married Mia!



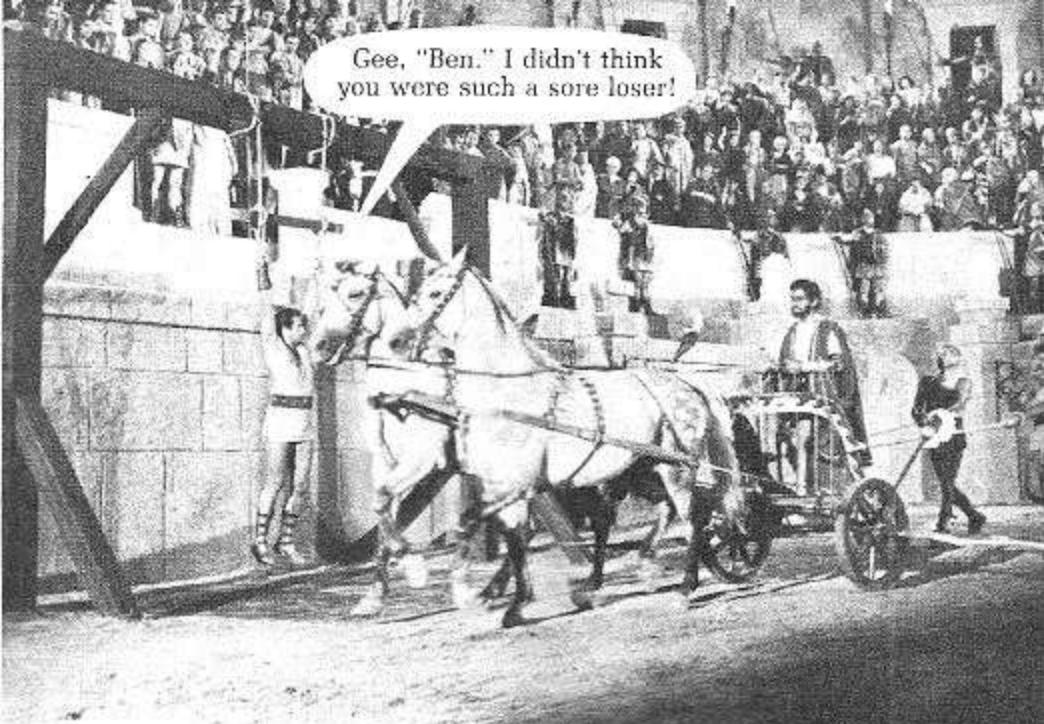
Men, here's how I see the "picture" on Operation Bo-Peep. Admiral, you color her apron blue — that's square number eight. Commander, you color her bonnet red — that's square number seven . . .



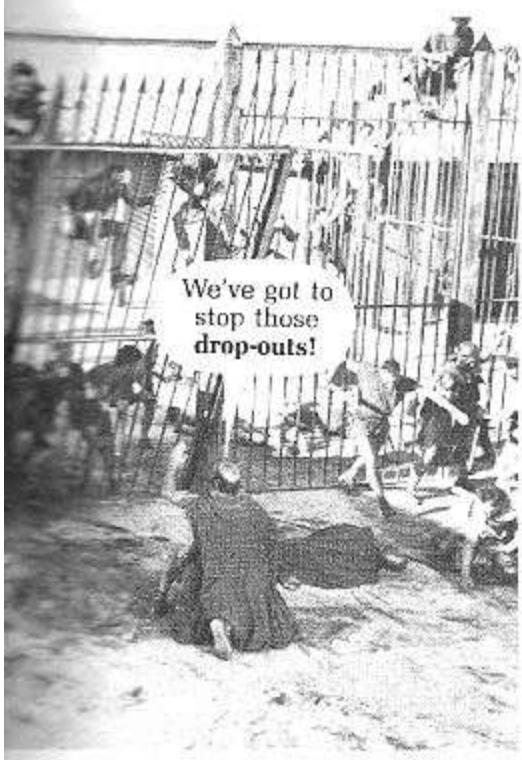
It's not your fault, honey. How were you to know that "Forest Lawn" wasn't a swinging resort.



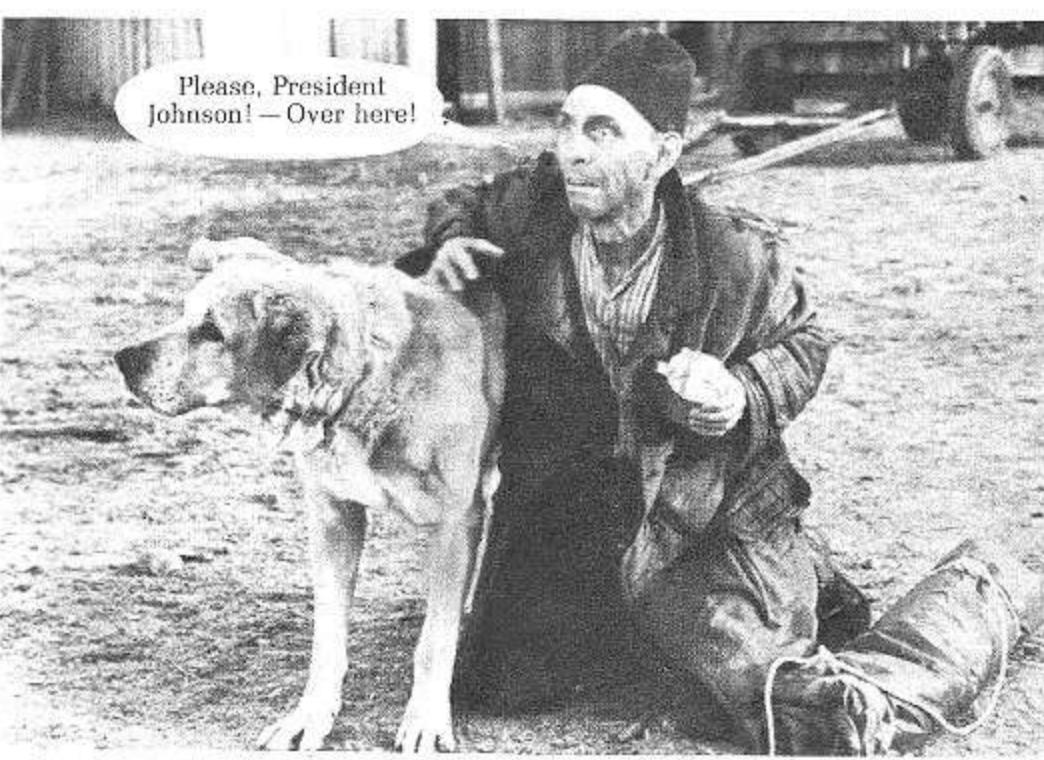
Gee, "Ben." I didn't think you were such a sore loser!



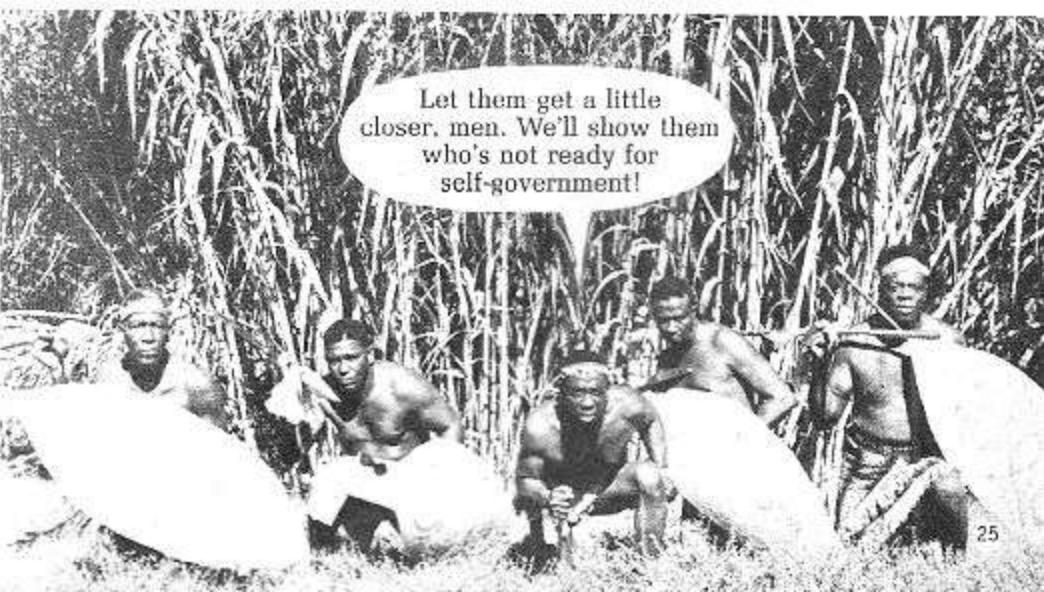
We've got to stop those drop-outs!



Please, President Johnson! — Over here!



Let them get a little closer, men. We'll show them who's not ready for self-government!



# SUPER SPIES

In our last issue, we tried to show what t.v. would be like if several Westerns were mixed together into one big spectacular, something like: "Have Gun-smoke, Will Travel By Iron Horse to the Bonanza at Laredo in the Wild Wild West!"

We tried, but we didn't quite make it. So, now we're going to do it again. This time with SECRET AGENT shows featuring the Huckleberry Fink of espionage, in—

Mixwell Dumb—secret agent 8E6, reporting as ordered, Chief.



## GET DUMB

Art by Angelo Torres Script by Calvin Castine

Fine, Mixwell,...have a seat.

No thanks, chief, I'd prefer to stand.

You're not wearing your bullet-proof cast iron underwear again, are you, Mixwell?

Don't be ridiculous, Chief, I'm wearing my regular aluminum-plated underwear.

Mix, our whole secret agent organization is in big trouble. We haven't been handling the big assignments lately. Other secret organizations have been beating us to the punch. If you flub this assignment, *NICE GUYS* is finished.

You can count on me, Chief. What do I have to do?

You've got to capture the leader of MEAN. We've finally discovered the area of the location of his headquarters. Agent 9T9 will meet you there in one hour.

You've got nothing to fear, Chief. Just remember all of those great jobs I've done for you in the past.

Please, Mixwell, I've been trying to forget.

One hour later.....

Hello, Mix.

I'm sorry, 9T9, but I can't talk to you until you've given me the secret code. "These boots were made for walking."

"Your shoes need shining."

Do you really think so? I thought they looked pretty good.

No, Mix, you idiot...that's part of the code.

Oh yeah!

Why do you always insist on using a code, when you know you can never remember what you're supposed to say?

It makes me feel like a big league spy. Someday I want to become the world's greatest secret agent. I'm going to be even better than you-know-who. I'm going to be the MICKEY MANTLE of espionage!

Say, 9T9, something just occurred to me. I don't know your real name. All I've ever called you is "Agent 9T9". What is your real name?

I'd rather not say, Mix.

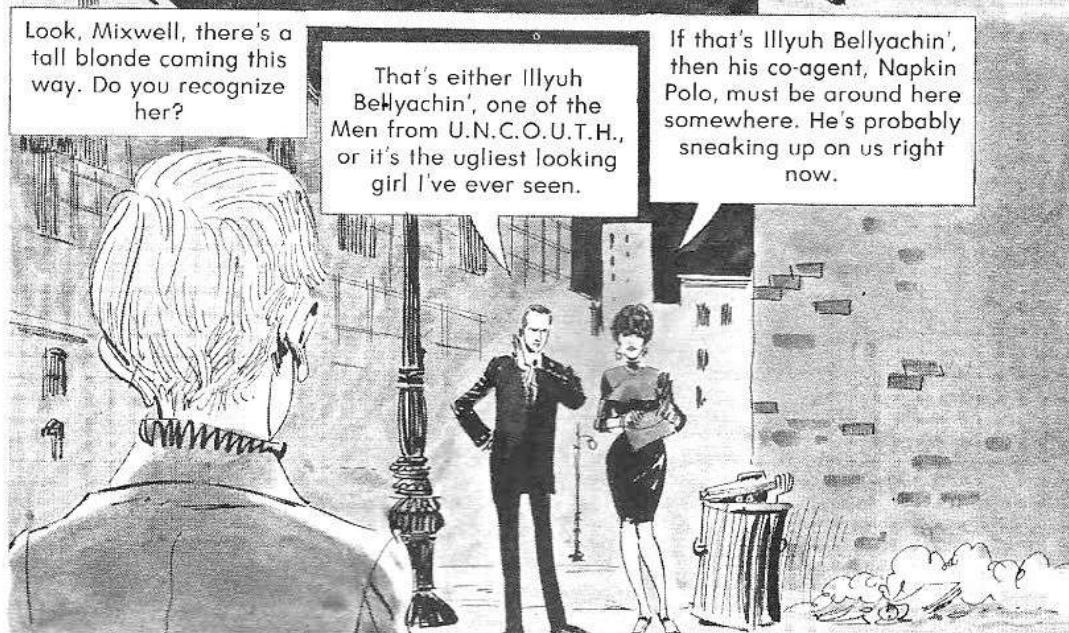
Oh, all right! My real name is Virginia Blatz.

Well, maybe 9T9 isn't such a bad name after all.

Look, Mixwell, there's a tall blonde coming this way. Do you recognize her?

That's either Illyuh Bellyachin', one of the Men from U.N.C.O.U.T.H., or it's the ugliest looking girl I've ever seen.

If that's Illyuh Bellyachin', then his co-agent, Napkin Polo, must be around here somewhere. He's probably sneaking up on us right now.



Don't be ridiculous, 9T9.  
That's impossible.

All right, stick 'em up.  
I've got you both covered.

Well, anyway, it's ALMOST  
impossible.

Congratulations, Napkin,  
you've captured two of  
T.R.A.S.H.'s seediest-  
looking agents.

Wait! You've got us all  
wrong. We're not  
T.R.A.S.H. agents, we're  
NICE GUY agents.

If you don't mind, 9T9, I'd  
like to handle this. You've  
got us all wrong, fellows.  
We're not T.R.A.S.H.  
agents, we're NICE GUY  
agents!

They may be telling the  
truth, Illyuh. I'll contact  
Mr. Wavey with my  
miniature radio trans-  
mitter, and see what he  
thinks...Besides, it'll give  
us a chance to deliver  
some of that dry humor  
we're noted for.

Be careful with that  
transmitter, the last time  
you used it, you got  
Murray the "K" by  
mistake, and we ended  
up with three hours of "I  
Wanna Hold Your Hand".

A likely story.

I said "dry" humor, not  
dehydrated.

It looks like we'll have to  
bring them back to our  
secret headquarters. But  
first, we'd better use our  
special U.N.C.O.U.T.H.  
sleep inducers—our gun  
butts. Clobber 'em on the  
head, Illyuh.

All right, Napkin. One  
lump or two?

All right, fellow. I've got  
you covered. Don't make  
a move.

Ouch! Don't you guys  
have anything better to  
do than to stick your  
secret spy guns in my  
ribs!? The least you could  
do is remove the bayonet  
first.

Ah, it's John Drape—the secret agent man. You probably think you've got me captured, but my partner, agent 9T9, is sneaking up behind you, right now.

Did you actually think I'd fall for that old trick? What kind of a fool do you think I am?

I don't know, what kind are you?

Now maybe we can get back to searching for Mr. M.E.A.N.

Why not, Mix?



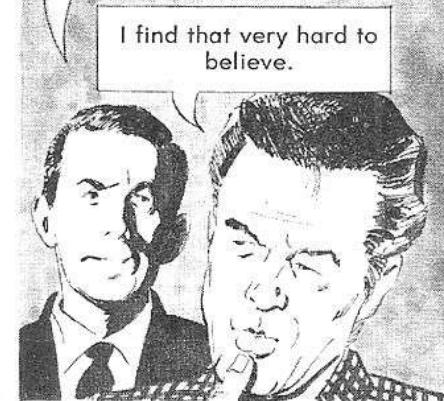
When you've been a secret agent as long as I have, you'll be able to deduce things like that from various clues... like those two guys standing in the corner, pointing guns at us.

Gosh! Two more secret agents...Killy Robinson and Scott Ballou.

Secret agents! Are we secret agents, Killy? I thought we just ran around the world chasing broads.

You fellows won't get away with this. At this very moment, there are 25 highly-trained NICE GUY combat specialists closing in on this very spot.

I find that very hard to believe.



Would you believe seven combat specialists, and an ex-marine?

I don't think so.

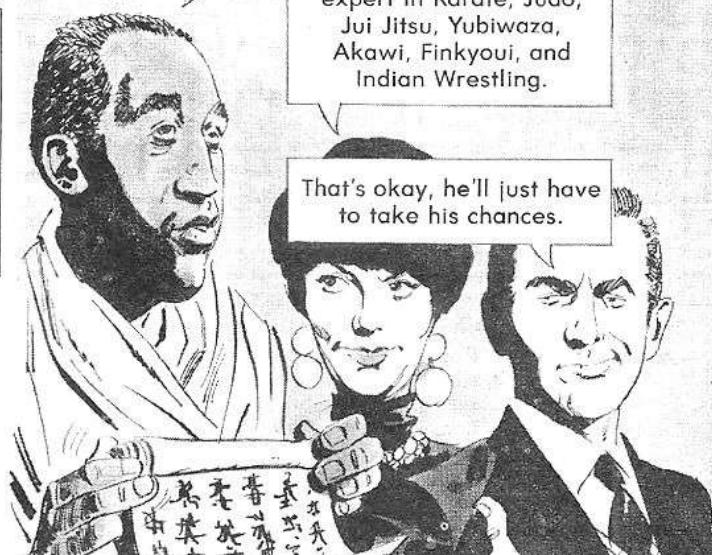
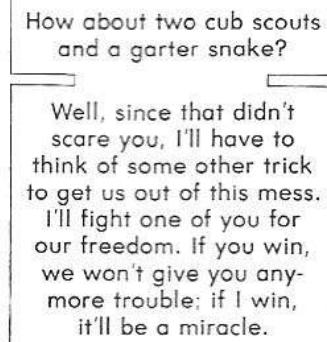
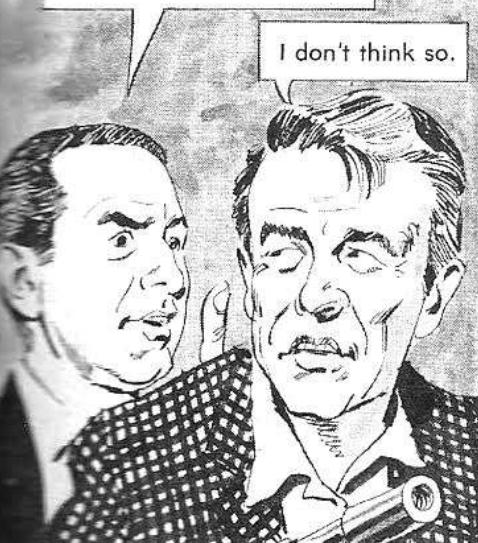
How about two cub scouts and a garter snake?

Well, since that didn't scare you, I'll have to think of some other trick to get us out of this mess. I'll fight one of you for our freedom. If you win, we won't give you anymore trouble; if I win, it'll be a miracle.

OK! I'll fight you.

Be careful, Mix. I've heard that Scott Ballou is an expert in Karate, Judo, Jui Jitsu, Yubiwaza, Akawi, Finkyoui, and Indian Wrestling.

That's okay, he'll just have to take his chances.



Ouch! You really know how to hurt a fellow, don't you?

Where's the famous fighting skill of Mixwell Dumb?

I don't know, I must have left it in my other suit.

Oh, no! I'm getting out of here!

Oh, Mix, you were wonderfull! How did you do it?

I used the oldest fighting trick known to man—fear!—I told him his 'fly' was open.

If we were smart, we'd end this show right now.

If we were smart, we wouldn't even be here.

BAD news, 99, I think we're going to have to change the name of this show to "Get Lost".

Why, Mix?

Because that's what we've just gone and done.

Wait, 99, maybe this can get us through.

What is it?

I'm not sure. It's either a highly active acid, or sleeping gas.

There may be a way out behind this door, but I can't budge it.



Well, what do you know?  
—it's sleeping gas!



A few hours later...

Quickly, Mix, let's contact  
headquarters with my  
miniature radio  
transmitter.

Where did you have that  
hidden? They must have  
searched you—the lucky  
slobs.

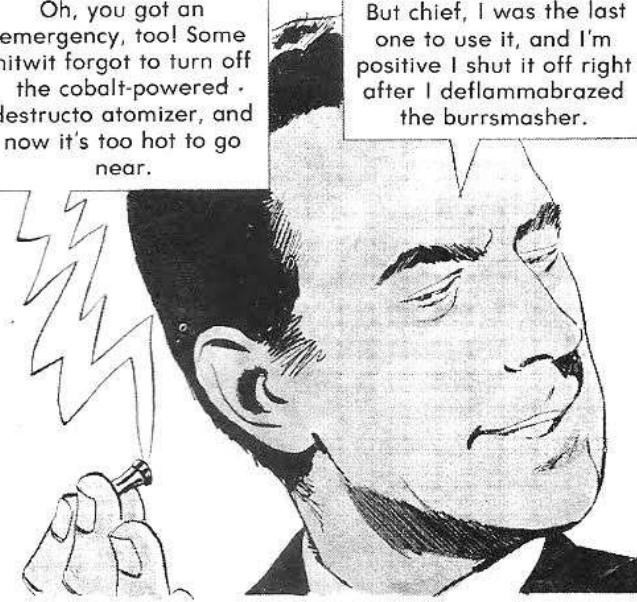


I hid it in a place where  
they could never hope to  
find it,...my purse.

Hello, chief, I'm glad you  
called. 9T9 and I have got  
ourselves an emergency.

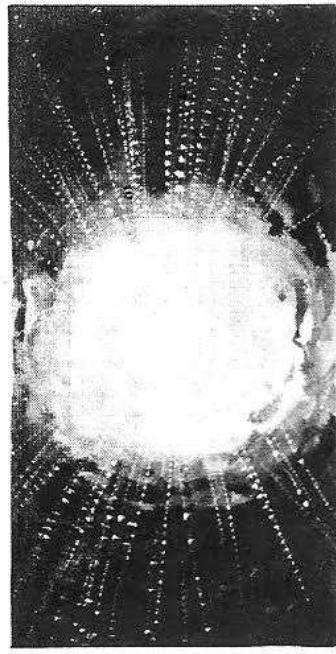
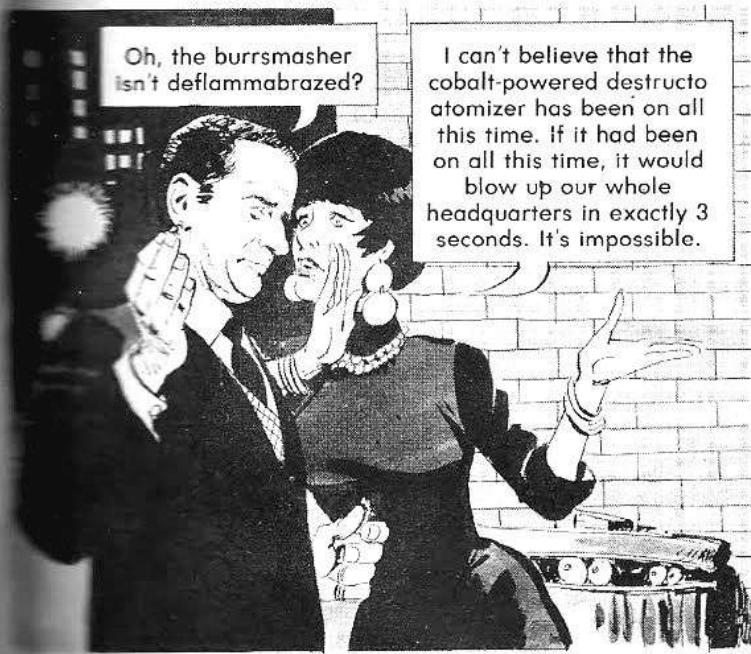
Oh, you got an  
emergency, too! Some  
nitwit forgot to turn off  
the cobalt-powered  
destructo atomizer, and  
now it's too hot to go  
near.

But chief, I was the last  
one to use it, and I'm  
positive I shut it off right  
after I deflammabrazed  
the burrsmasher.



Oh, the burrsmasher  
isn't deflammabrazed?

I can't believe that the  
cobalt-powered destructo  
atomizer has been on all  
this time. If it had been  
on all this time, it would  
blow up our whole  
headquarters in exactly 3  
seconds. It's impossible.



Sorry about that, Chief.



# !TEENMAN!

by Bob Elliott

## AND THE DRAFT DODGERS

Script by Francis DiBacco

Art by George Tuska

Teenman, wunderkind from far off Noilleber, has been working wonders helping the teenagers in their never-ending fight against the old coots. But now Teenman is disturbed, because he has heard rumors that a subversive group of renegade teens is blatantly opposing the draft laws. Realizing that such actions can undermine everything he is fighting for, Teenman is talking with earth-teen, Dippy.

and I still think that Curmudgeon and Tluda are behind all this rebellion, Dippy. They are our sworn enemies! We must be alert to the next scheme of these draft dodgers.

Roger, baby. Could this mean action?



(SUPER TRANSISTOR, ON THE TEENWAVE AT ALL TIMES, BLASTS OUT)

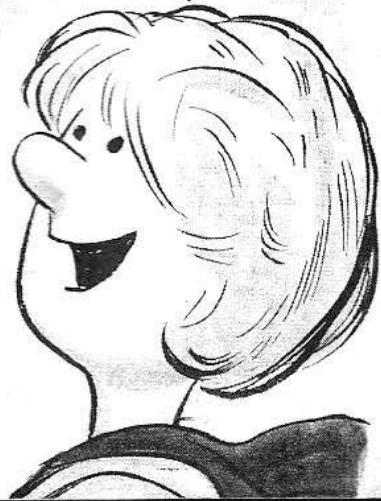
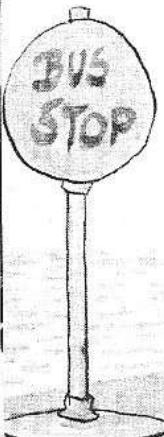
Hello Teenman. Calling Teenman. Do you read me?

Loud and clear. Who blows?

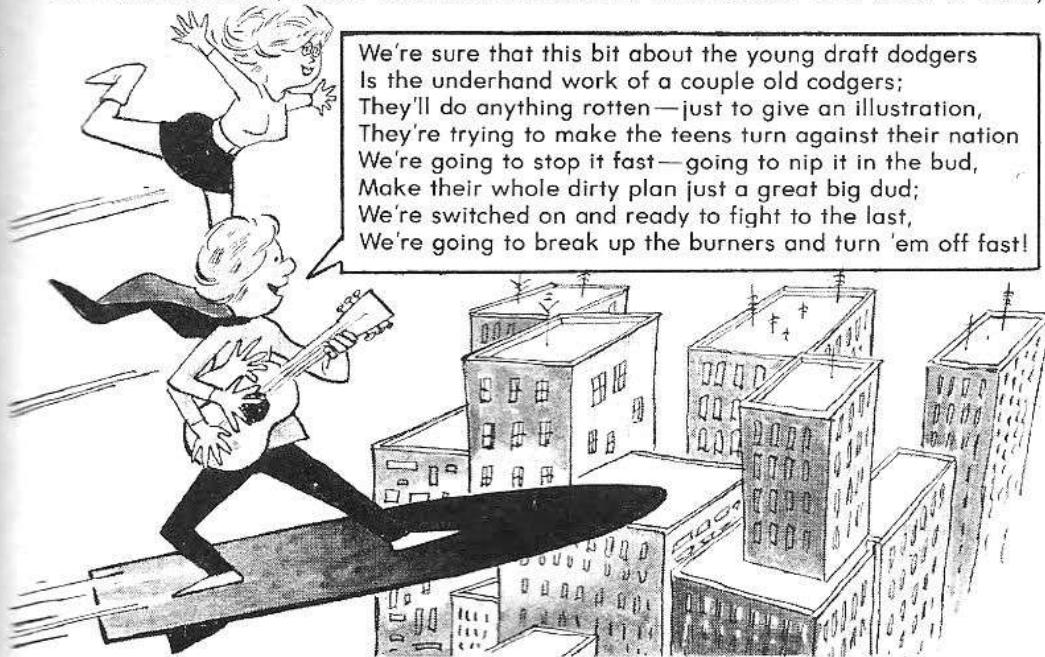
This is Frank. Our gang just left the burger shop at New Metropolis College, and there's a big flap going on.

Better ZAP down Teenman It's going to be a DRAFT CARD BURNING!

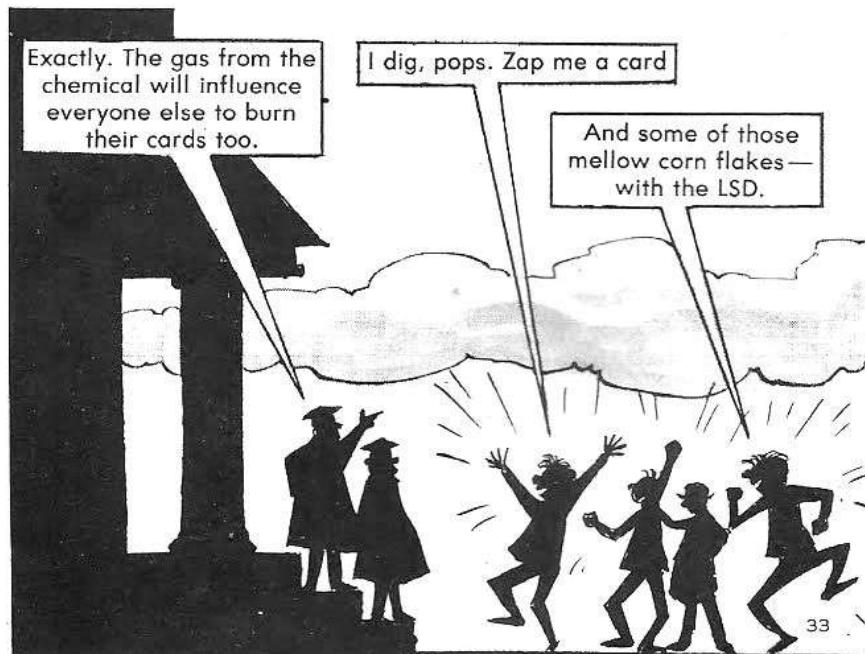
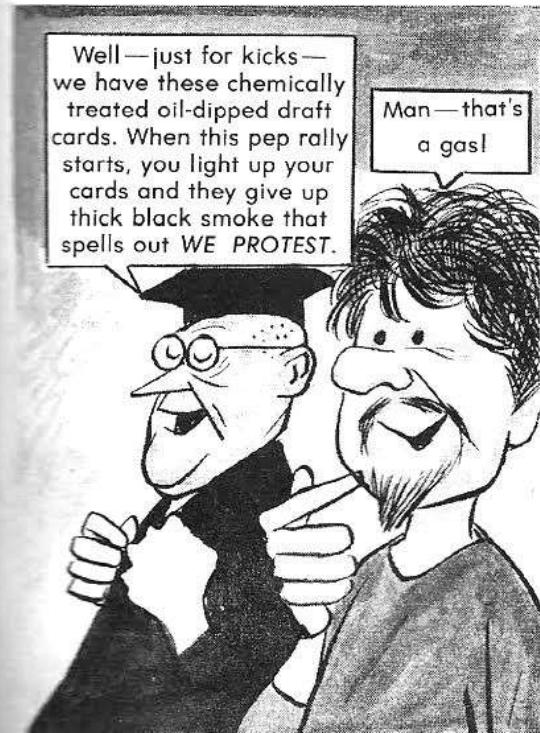
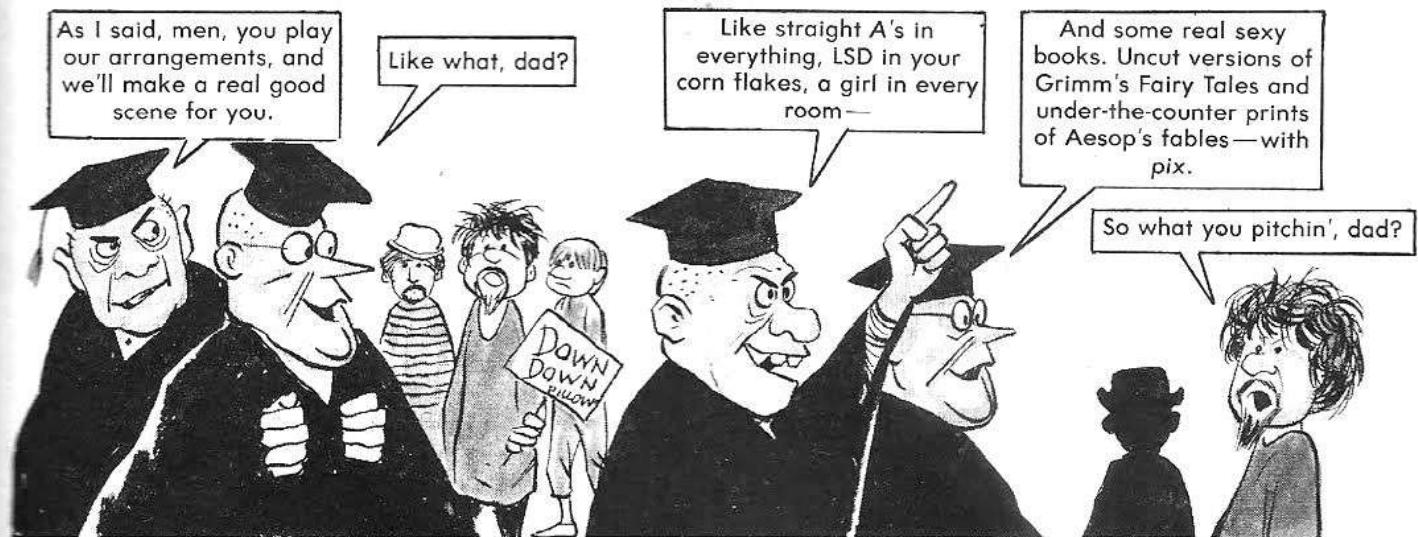
Let's go, Dippy!  
**NAMNEET!**



(LEAPING ON THE SUPER SURFPIECE, THEY ZAP OUT AND UP AND AWAY AT SUPER-SUPersonic speed, WHILE TEENMAN CLANGS HIS GITTAR AND THEY SING A DUET)



AHA! My super penetracious eyeballs  
show me it's Curmudgeon  
and Tluda disguised as  
liberal professors. HARK!



It's not right! We must all do our duty to preserve freedom!

Get lost, Patrick Henry!

If Teenman were here he'd turn you off—fast!

TEENMAN? Who he?

Who he? He some cat who cuts thru the clouds on a ironing board honking square ditties.

Let's lock this oofy up so he doesn't wreck the scene.

There's our friend Frank. Let's ask him what's the flap.

What's the scene, Frank?

Well—these profs are trying to sell some teens on coping out on their duties. They're going to pass out chemically treated oil dipped draft cards at the pep rally. The hoods will light them, and the junk in the smoke will make the rest light theirs.

Why—the smoke will be seen for miles. It's disgraceful!

Right! We'll be fined for air pollution, and the school will cancel our field trip to Fire Island.

NEVER FEAR! I HAVE AN IDEA! I'll replace the phony draft cards with Rocket Paper.

What in the name of The Rolling Stones is Rocket Paper?

A little bit we use on Noilleber for fireworks. You write something on the paper, light it, and it zaps up into the ozone and spells out the message in crazy lights.

It'll work, Teen-baby. Let's go into action.

Great. You and I will pose as East Village others to be authentic. Ready?

(THEY ASSUME INSTANT BEAT DISGUISES, AND STROLL BY THE FAKE-OUT PROFS, CLANGING A PROTEST SONG)

I ain't gonna fight no war today,  
I ain't joinin' no Peace Corps today,  
I'm gonna play it safe in the USA,  
If they want men, let 'em take LBJ.

Hsssst! Good material.  
Let's ask Dylan there if he'd like to burn.

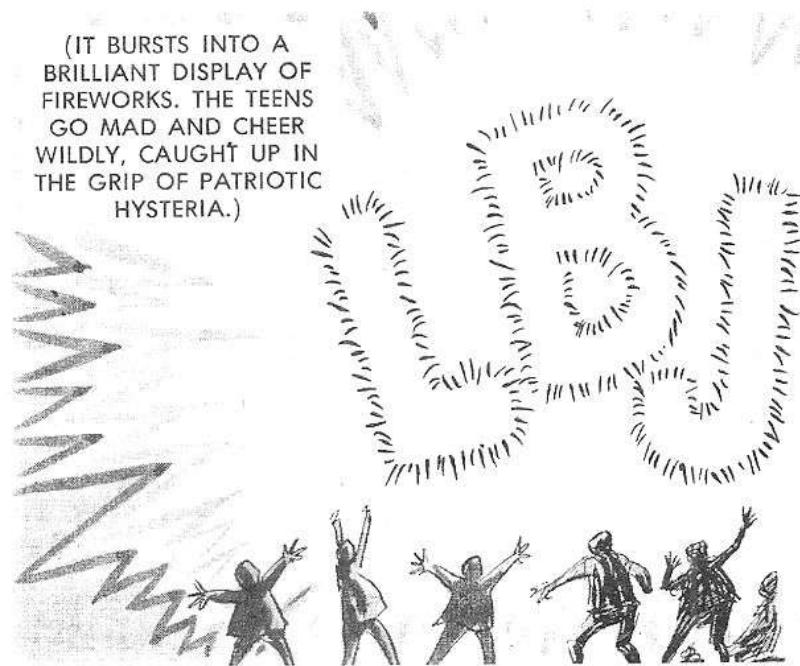


O.K., cats—Put the torch to 'em whenever you're ready.

See this? My credit card. Give me credit for torching it.

BURN, BABY, BURN!

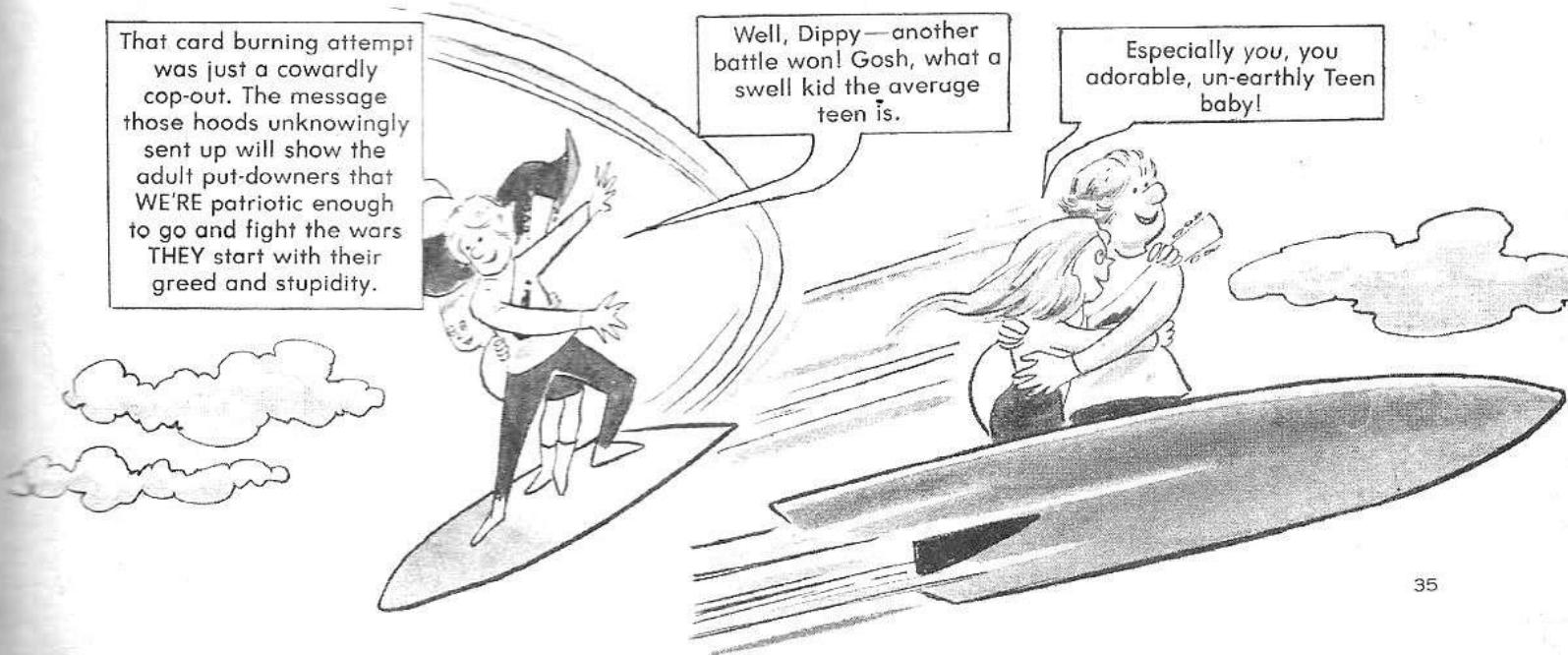
(IT BURSTS INTO A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS. THE TEENS GO MAD AND CHEER WILDLY, CAUGHT UP IN THE GRIP OF PATRIOTIC HYSTERIA.)



That card burning attempt was just a cowardly cop-out. The message those hoods unknowingly sent up will show the adult put-downers that WE'RE patriotic enough to go and fight the wars THEY start with their greed and stupidity.

Well, Dippy—another battle won! Gosh, what a swell kid the average teen is.

Especially you, you adorable, un-earthly Teen baby!



# MOVIE SPOOF

By Bill Majeski

When "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" was a hit play on Broadway, it was a shocker. Now, as a movie, it is still a shocker. Seventy-seven ushers are still being treated for tingling ears because of the language used.

The movies refused to admit any children to see it unless accompanied by an adult. Sick's editors refuse to let adults read this review unless accompanied by a child.

Edward Albee, playwright, said he got the title from a scrawl on a Greenwich Village wall—apparently the same place he got some of the dialogue. Theme of the picture is that marriage between members of the opposite sex can't work out, an idea based on the theory that mixed marriages are not successful.

The film, released on a moonless night by Warner Bros., stars unknowns Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal and Sandy Dennis. Mike Nichols was the director. Screenplay was written by Ernest Lehman, with additional dialogue by an unidentified drunk who shouted harsh greetings to passers-by.

3—The alcohol consumed by the performers in this picture was staggering. The drinking carries with it the adage—"one swallow doesn't necessarily make a spring, but too many of them can lead to a fall." As elder matriarch at the university, Liz feels it only fair in this scene, to explain in calm, reasoned tones, that Segal is stepping out of line. He doesn't have tenure; he hasn't proved himself. After all, did he make a picture called "Cleopatra" and spend \$7 million? He rebuts her by taking her into the next room for hugs and squeezes and various other kitchen privileges which lured him to this college in the first place.



1—Elizabeth Taylor, wife of professor Richard Burton, seen reading the *Lonely Hearts* advertisements in a local tabloid, places a warning hand on young professor George Segal's arm. If this were basketball, she'd be penalized. But Liz isn't playing basketball; she's playing another game. Liz just returned from winning a cleavage contest. Segal is checking the judge's decision. Sandy Dennis, drink in hand, is holding a gun. Both she and the gun are loaded.





2—Burton has the gun now. He knows that the penalty for scene stealing in Hollywood is death—or 20 days in oblivion, whichever occurs first. While Burton holds the rifle, young Sandy Dennis has slipped upstairs to rifle the bedrooms. In this scene, Liz sings a

doleful ditty to Segal entitled, "Young Professors Should Be Obscene and Not Heard." George now has his hand on her arm, apparently a new love play unearthed by playwright Albee, replacing lips, etc.

5—Liz has changed clothes for this fight scene, slipping into an outfit she wore in "National Velvet", made when she was about 10 years old. Fortunately it still fits. Burton, on the offensive in this scene, is using an open hand karate chop while Liz retaliates with a rib squeeze and a curse. Picture has record number of four-letter words, 27. It also contains lots of five-letter words, six-letter words and one 15-letter word which will be made into a movie all by itself. And do you know why Burton is so mad at Liz? It's because she loused up a few notes during their last song.

6—Riotous, rib-tickling windup of this warm-hearted musical romp, comes to a rousing climax when all four principals stage the new dance craze—the Booze Bounce. Burton snaps his fingers to the toe-tapping dance, while Sandy Dennis holds her ears. She's a music lover. Liz, firmly in the grasp of her partner, Segal, sings joyously: "Although you've surrounded yourself with books, your actions speak volumes with me." Choreography for the Booze Bounce was done by Dean Martin.



# "Real Life Rich Kid"

"From where I lived the lower East Side was only a rumor."

"I lived in a neighborhood so exclusive we had an unlisted zone number."

"When I was bad my father used to tell me, "Go to your rooms!"

"My house was so big if you phoned the kitchen from the bedroom it was a long-distance call."

"To show you how wealthy my family was, we used to buy retail."

"I didn't have a governess—I had a governor!"

"My piggy bank was a real pig. My rocking horse was a real horse. When I played Blind Man's Bluff ...."

"On one of my birthdays my father bought me a boy for my dog."

"My friends and I used to go to weddings and instead of rice we'd throw money."



London Lee is a dynamic young comedian whose career is skyrocketing every day. It was Ed Sullivan who called him "the spokesman for the teenage generation." This, because London looks like a teenager, talks like a teenager and relates to the teenager. With numerous appearances on the Ed Sullivan, Merv Griffin and Mike Douglas TV shows, his story has become known to millions—namely, he is looking for "love and acceptance" in an identity all his own.

Almost all our great comics were born in poverty—invariably on Manhattan's lower East Side—and had to fight their way up. London was raised amidst wealth and splendor—and had to fight his way down. "Most of the children in my neighborhood were born with a silver spoon in their mouths," he says. "I was born with a 12-piece place setting." Actually, he was born in London, England, where his mother was vacationing at the time. "Which is a good thing," he insists, "I would have been lost there without her."

His father, a renowned clothing manufacturer, financed London thru college, then turned the boy loose to make it on his own. London however, wasn't used to shifting for himself. "All through childhood," he recalls, "I had servants catering to my every wish. My baby nurse was a mistake though. She was an alcoholic and she used to hide her booze in my baby bottle. I was ten years old before I was able to walk straight." And so when London was turned loose he promptly got a job—as a dress salesman in his father's firm. "I hated it," snarls London, "and soon left to open a record company."

The music business didn't work out and London returned to his father. "This time I didn't hate it," he claims, "I detested it. I began looking around for work that had more substance and meaning. I decided to become a golf pro. But that didn't work either. I don't play golf." So once more London returned to his father's firm.

After that it was back and forth between his father's firm and assorted ventures that all backfired. Feeling that maybe New York wasn't ready for him, London took off for Los Angeles where he got a job driving a cab by day and washing dishes at night.

One day a friend told London that he ought to try show business because his story carried a great message for today's children. "While I was trying to figure out what the message was, I wandered into a night club and the next thing I knew I was on stage performing. And there wasn't a child in the audience." Up there on that stage, for the first time in his life he felt important. The club owner was so impressed he hired him on the spot.

In 1963, an appearance on a "Talent Scouts" TV Show emceed by Merv Griffin brought him national attention. A year later, Ed Sullivan signed London for a series of appearances and he was on his way to the top.

Here is a pictorial interview with

# LONDON Lee

# A RICH KID'S SKETCH- BOOK

My earliest recollection of living the good life dates back to my nursery days when my father bought me my first set of blocks — these blocks were all located on Park and Madison Avenue. I tried hard to be like all the rest of the kids, so I played games like doctor — but I played it at the Mayo Clinic. My parents were always very careful about the company I kept, and forbade me to play with the poorer kids on my block like: little Winnie Rockefeller, Jakie Astor and Ari Onassis. So, my father played with me. Games like Monopoly. One time I won a power company — Con Edison. And my father let me keep it. My dad was very class-conscious. While other families kept up with the Jones' — he kept up with the Getty's. I noticed this at an early age. When other kids on the block got piggy-banks, I got a bank too. — On Wall St.! — I had a real friend at Chase Manhattan — me!



Art by The Professor

It may be hard to believe, but one time I was actually an underprivileged kid. My father had some setbacks in the stock-market and I didn't have any regular marbles to play with, so I had to use some old stones we had lying around the house — The Star of India and the Hope Diamond. But, things picked up again, and all through the rest of my life, nothing was ever too good for me.

When I went to school and had trouble with Math, my father hired me a private tutor — Albert Einstein. But, domestic brand schools weren't good enough, so my dad sent me overseas to London. I was named after this place, because it was dear to my father's heart. It was the first city he ever owned.

Since my mother wanted me to sleep home at night, my father bought me a private jet to commute to England every day. I was the first wet-behind-the-ears jet-setter. My father wanted to call this plane "Air Force Number One," but some Texas type had that name already.

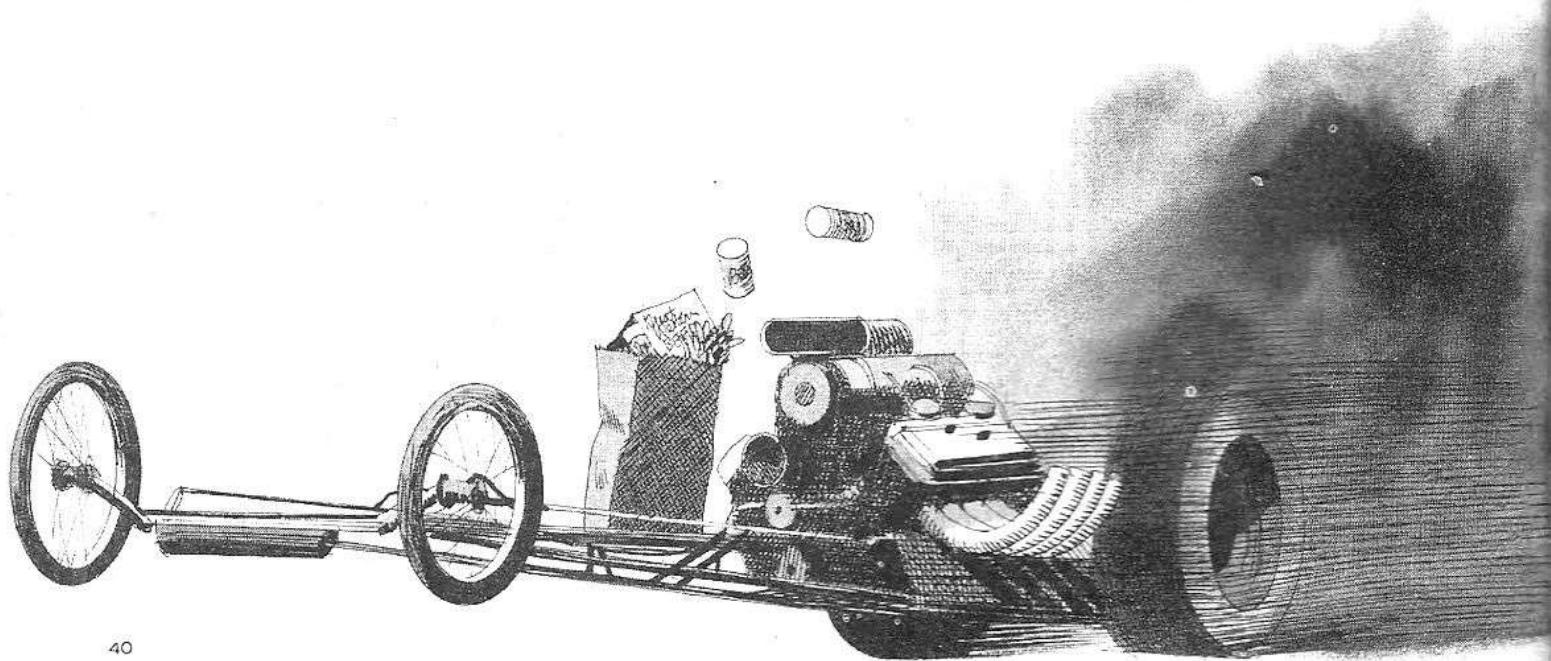


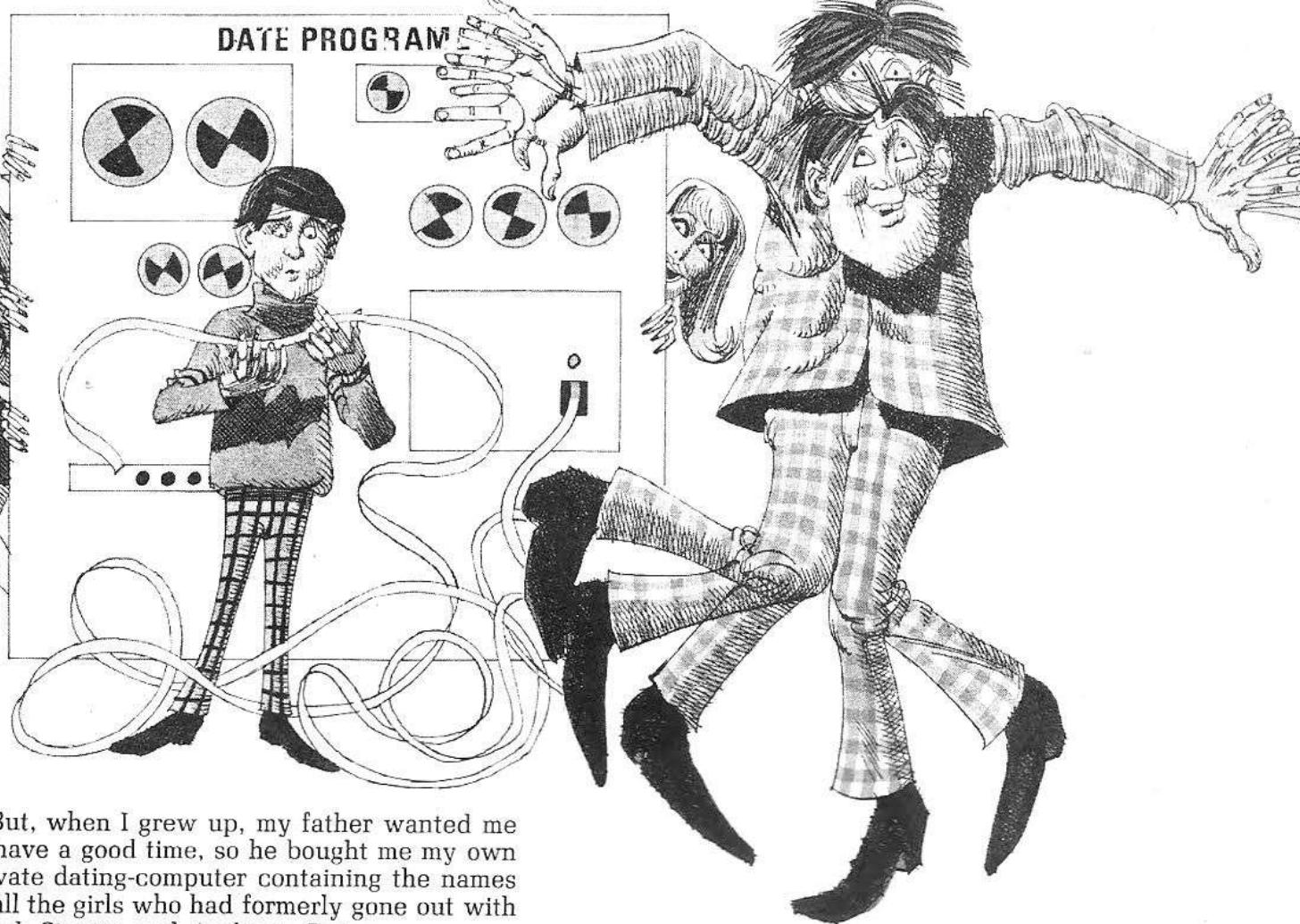
Script by Fred Wolfe



My father was on the Board of Directors of this English school. What a great kick! I was the only kid who ever fired his teachers. Eventually, I went to a French School where they had an all female teaching staff. I was a pretty precocious kid, and I had to leave when my dad found out I was keeping them in after school.

Other kids got an allowance — I got a salary. And it was such a large salary, I had to take half of it in stock. And I had to have a special kind of pet too. Other children had dogs or cats. My father bought me an Abominable Snowman. But, we finally had to send him back because he was very lonely. We tried to find him a mate, but Phyllis Diller was married at the time.



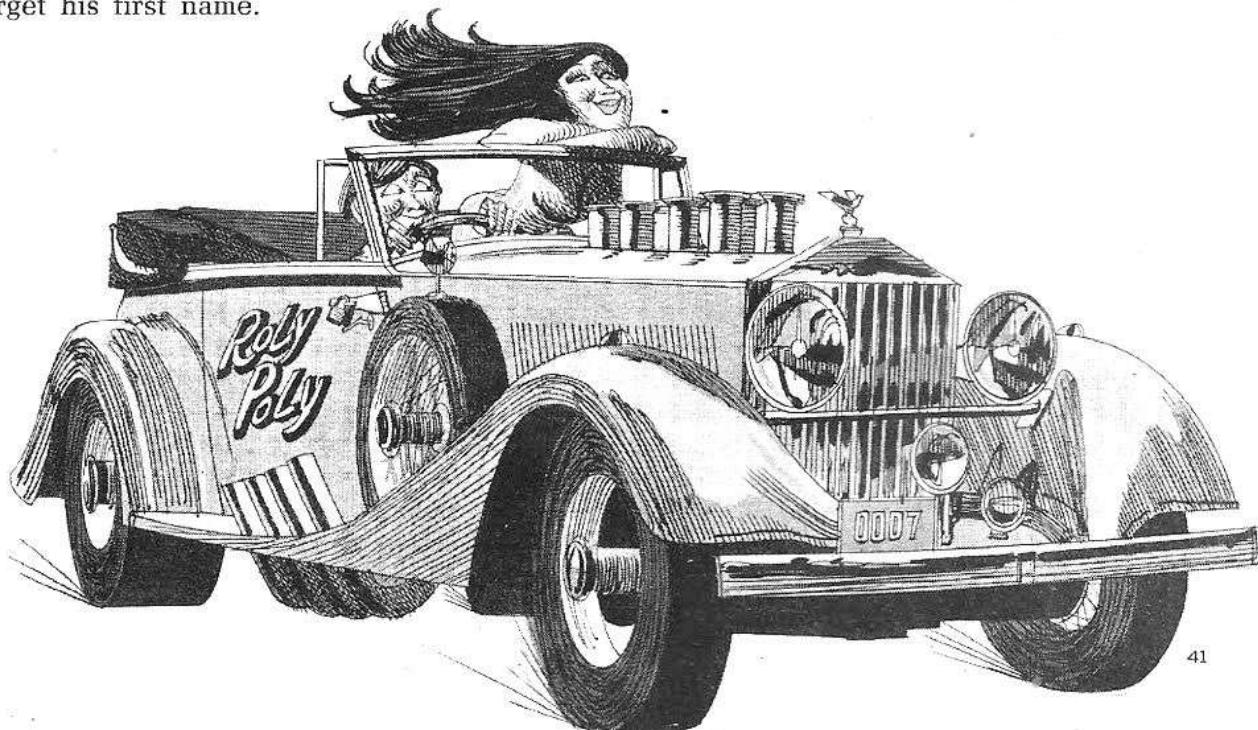


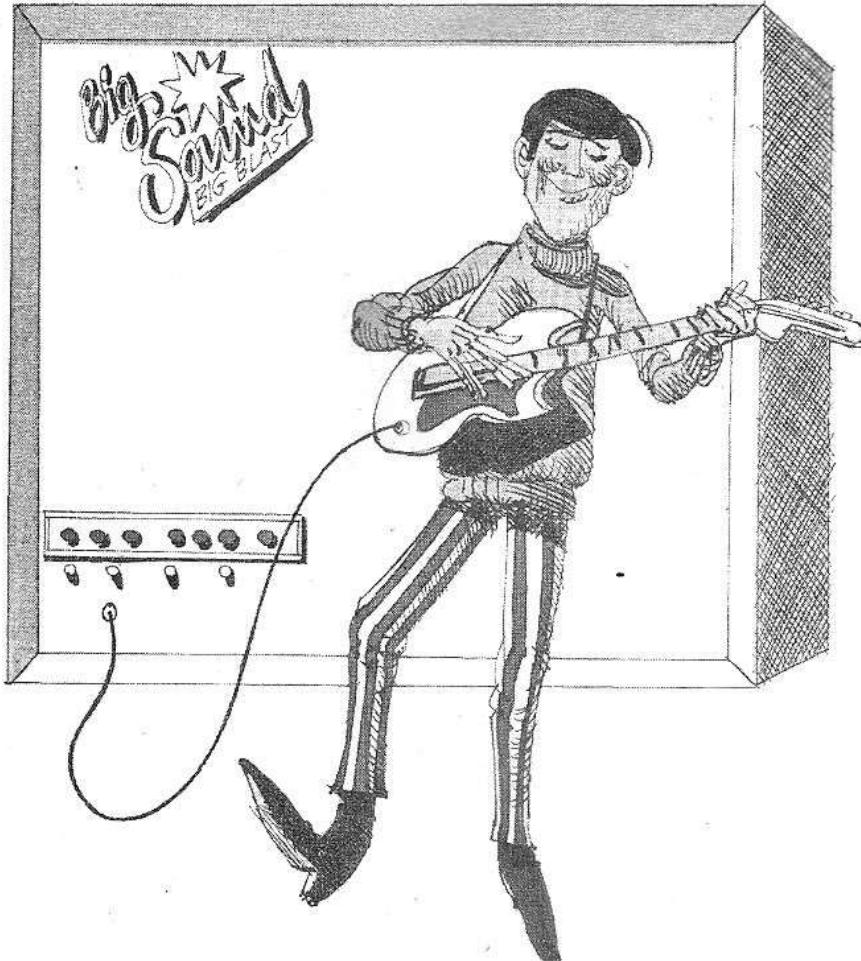
But, when I grew up, my father wanted me to have a good time, so he bought me my own private dating-computer containing the names of all the girls who had formerly gone out with Frank Sinatra and Anthony Quinn.

And when all the kids started to build hot-rods, my father didn't want me to dirty my hands, so he had a friend of his put one together for me. His friend's name was a Mr. Rolls. I forget his first name.

But, having money can be a burden sometimes. I remember the night that I went to a discotheque and dropped my wallet on my foot, making me scream and leap up and down.

But, it wasn't a total loss. They gave me a prize for creating a new dance step





Just before World War II, I took up the guitar and my father bought me one of the biggest Japanese amplifiers ever made. It was so powerful, that it would rock the sky for miles around. As it turned out, it became one of our secret weapons. Every time I played it, I would knock down three Kamakaza planes.

I'll never forget the time I went to the West Coast and hung around with that outlaw motorcycle club, "The Beat Barbarians." I looked great in a black-leather jacket, but my father felt I was too delicate to go in for the actual stunt-riding with these "Wild Ones," so he hired Marlon Brando to sit in for me.

I only have one trouble left in the world — getting drafted. But, my father tells me he's figured out a good sound way for me to beat the draft — he's going to buy the entire Viet Cong!



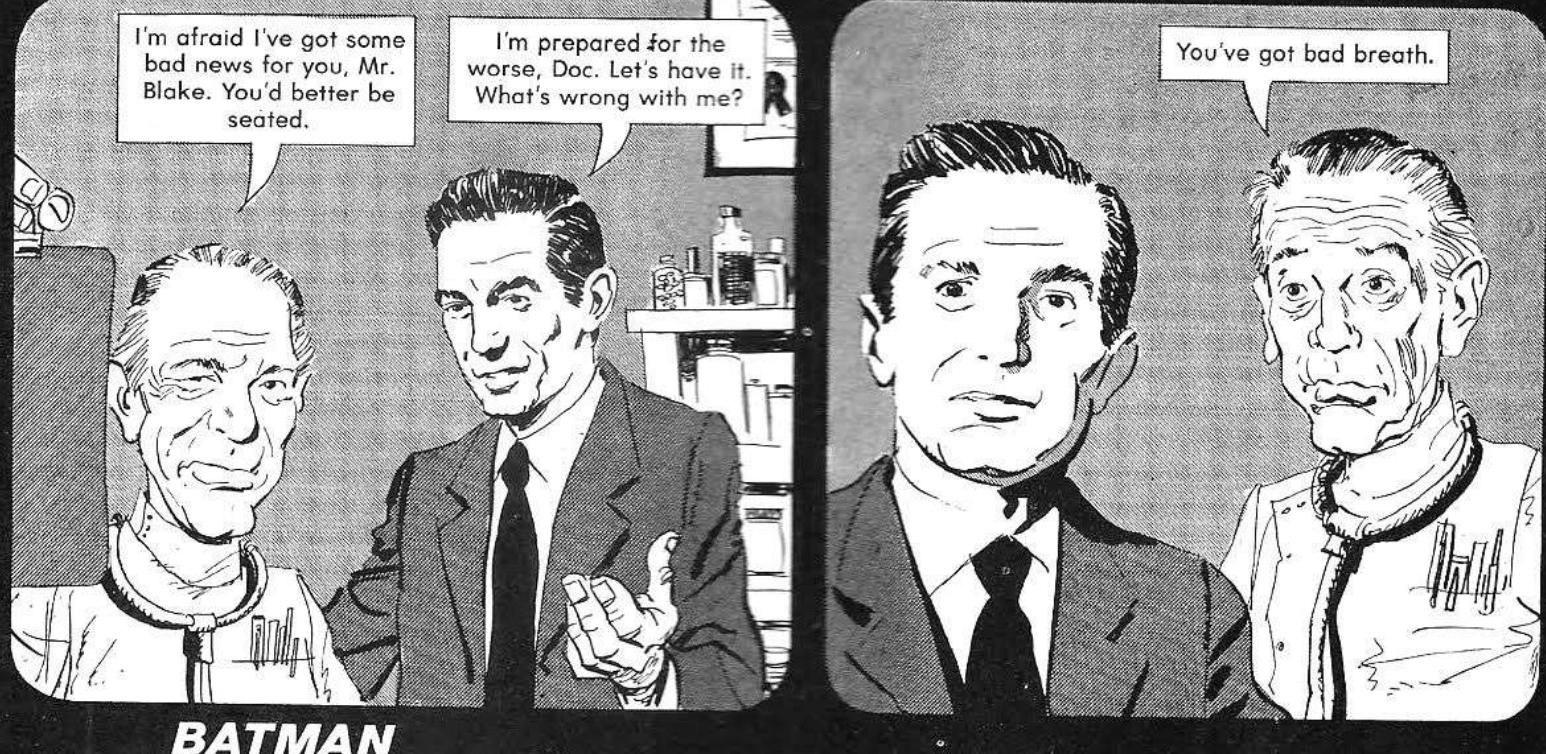
There are times when people just don't realize how well off they are. For example, viewers are always complaining about how bad the plots are in many of the top television shows. In fact, we ourselves have been guilty of this many

times in the past.

But now, we realize just how lucky we really are. After all, the plots could be a lot worse. And to demonstrate just how much worse, we've prepared a few examples of---

# TV SCENES FROM THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR

## RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

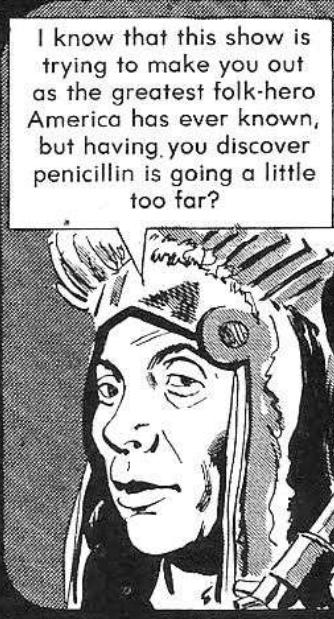


## BATMAN

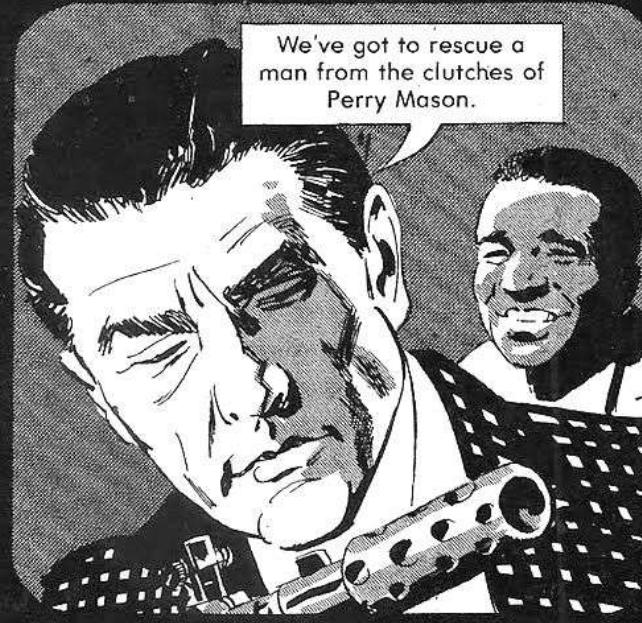


## I DREAM OF JEANNIE

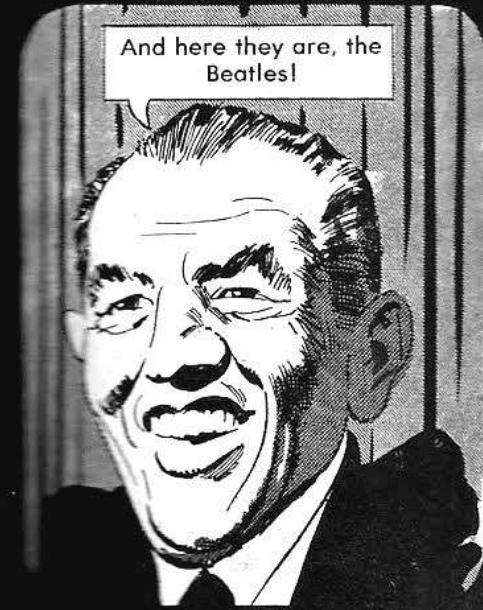
## DANIEL BOONE



## MISSION IMPOSSIBLE



## ED SULLIVAN



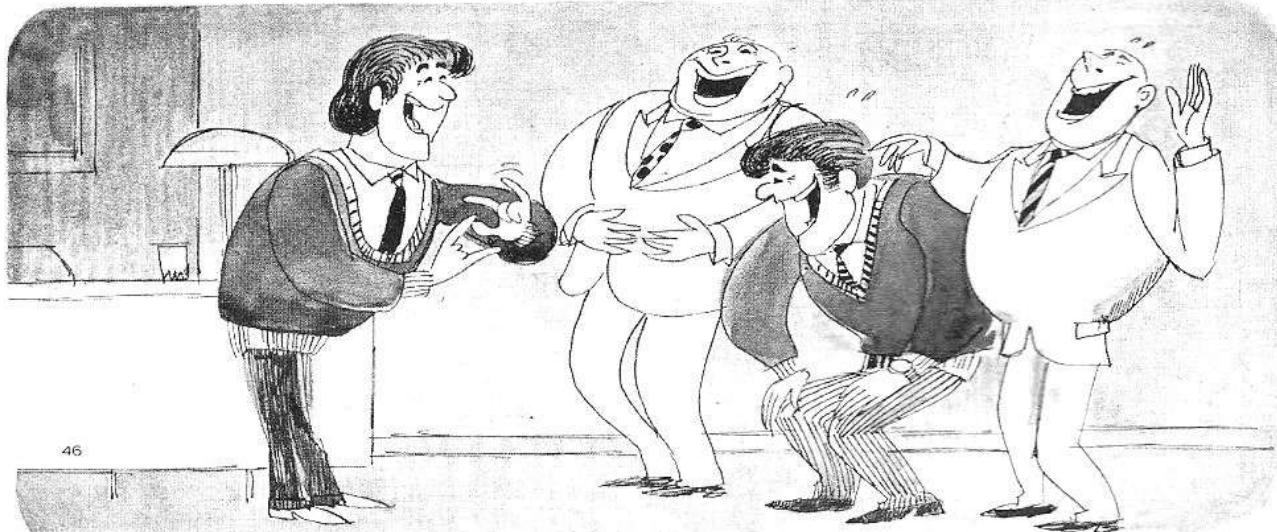
First thing you young people must learn as you are about to embark upon the business world is to "Get the most out of your coffee breaks." We at SICK Institute have been fighting to create among companies a "Work Break," that is, a complete day of coffee drinking and pastry eating interrupted only by two 20-minute work breaks in the morning and afternoon. However, most of the companies are not yet enlightened to this degree so we must stumble forth as best we can. Here are some hints on—

# SICK'S HANDY HINTS ON HOW TO WATCH YOUR BREAK

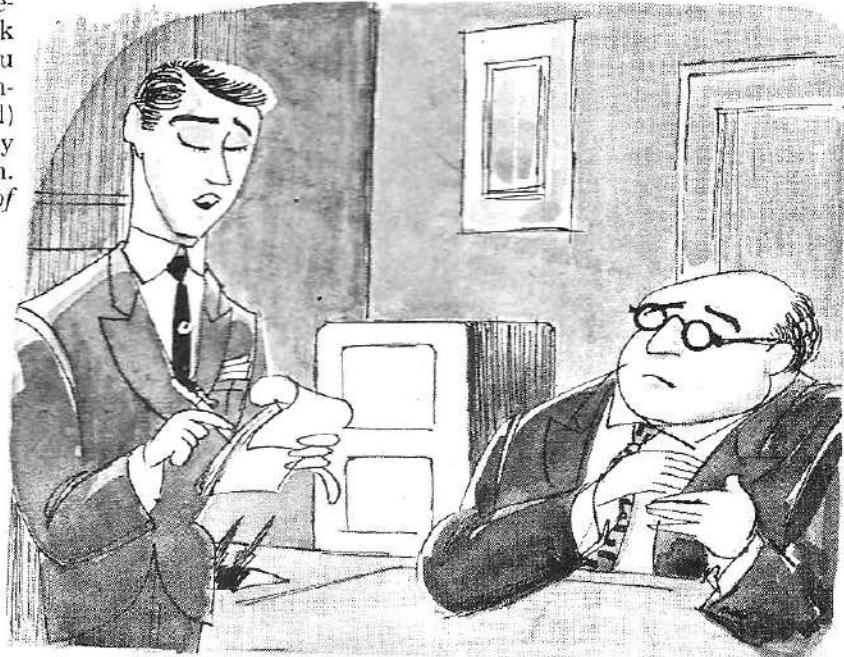


**1** Just before your 15 minutes are up, ask the boss if he watched the big game on television the day before. This is good for at least 10 minutes and if it was a close game, it might go into overtime.

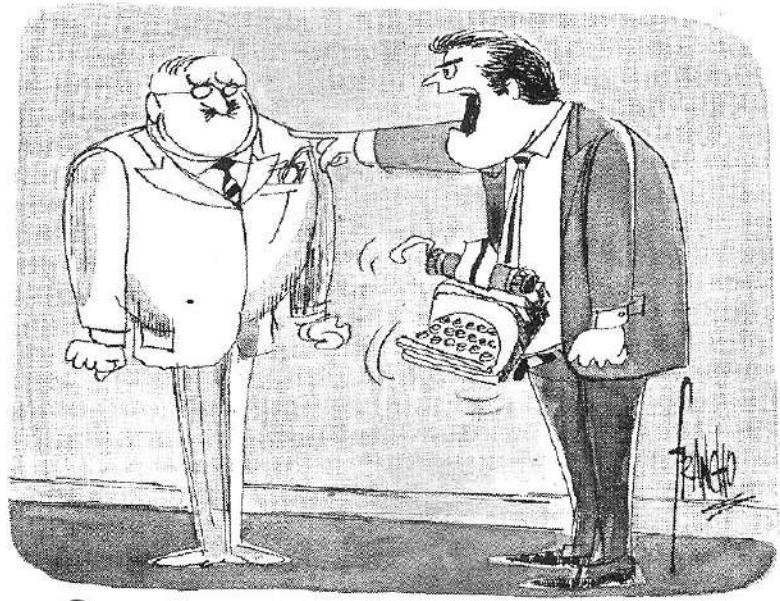
**3** Tell funny stories (see examples scattered throughout this magazine) and get three people to laugh uproariously. A rule of thumb is that three good laughers are worth five minutes each. Laughers also make fine companions in the unemployment compensation line in case the boss has heard the gags before.



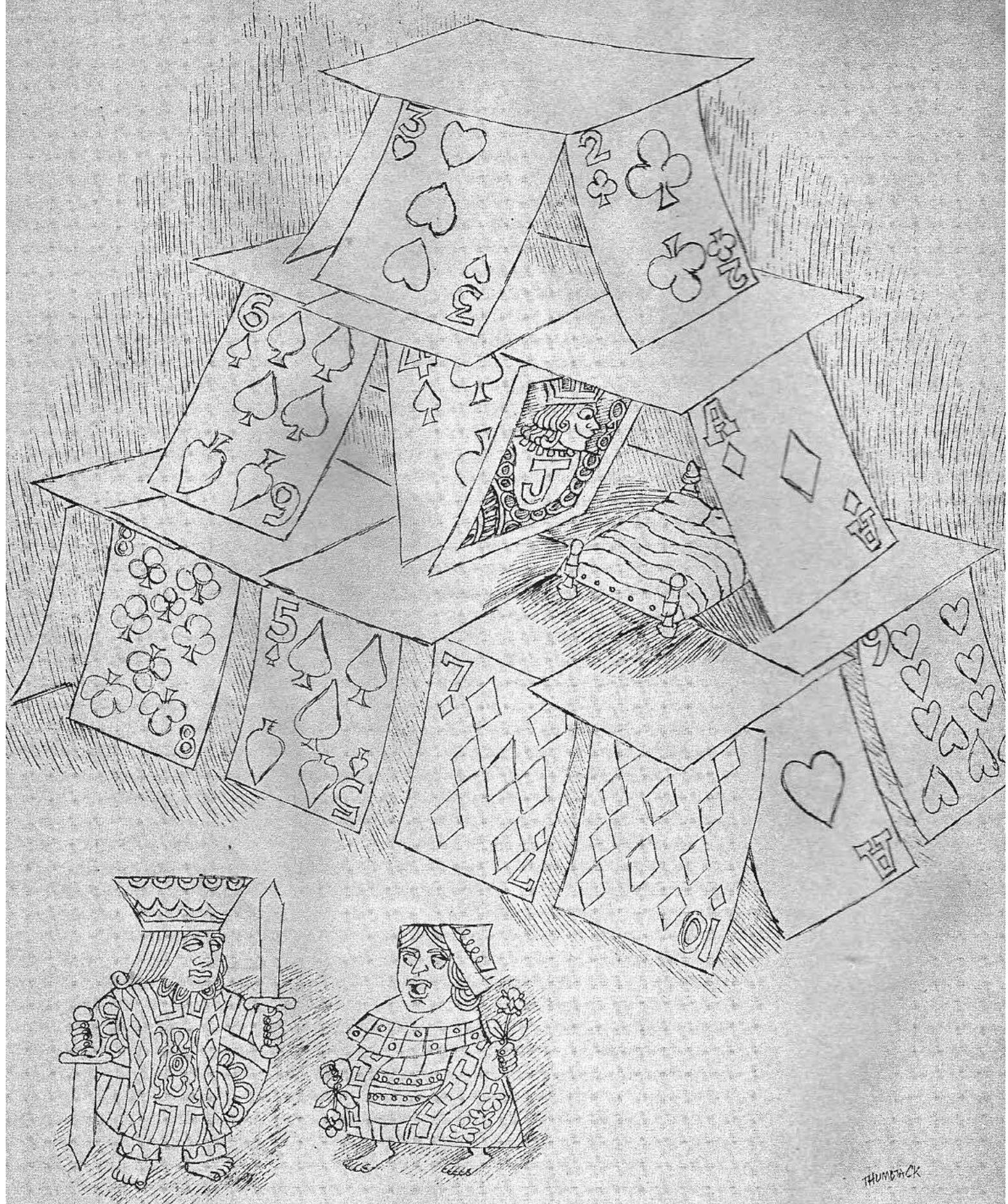
**4** Take up a collection for the boss's aging secretary, remembering to start it just as the coffee break is about to end. This could go on all morning if you think clearly enough to ask the boss first. If he consents, (and he must if the secretary is any good at all) he then is implicated and can't very well arbitrarily put a halt to it after the donations start rolling in. *Note: The collection agent is entitled to 10 per cent of the entire proceeds—if no one catches him.*



**5** Visit the Red Cross or the dispensary for a hang-nail. If hangnails are hard to get, have someone hang a nail on you, a rusty nail preferably and you can threaten to expose everyone to lockjaw unless you are treated immediately and at great length. *Added thought: No matter what you visit the hospital room for, always return limping. This will free you automatically from rather mundane duties which are tiring and leave you free for more creative efforts—like thinking of a snappy introduction for the redhead in the adjustments division.*



**6** Get your tie caught in the roller of your typewriter. With luck, this can keep you tied to your desk for an hour. No boss wants an employee to walk around with a typewriter hanging from his cravat. Especially at lunchtime in the cafeteria. Bad image. If he forces you to work despite the handicap, threaten him with a law suit in mild, non-legal language. Whimpers and moans can be applied effectively in some situations. Screams are optional.



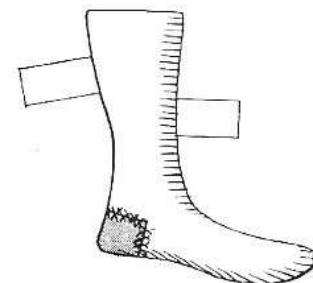
"I can tell, you don't like the bedroom wallpaper."

# CUT-OUT DOLL

(The White House will tell us  
to cut out this nonsense)

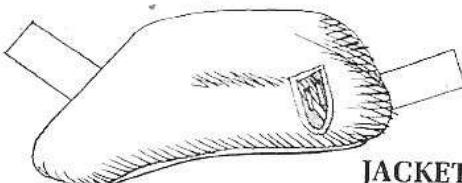
## STOCKINGS

Color them mouldy



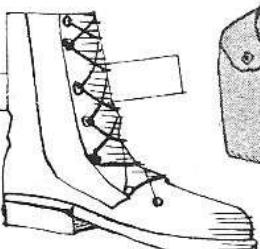
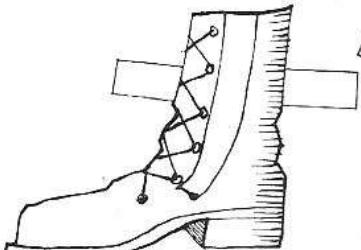
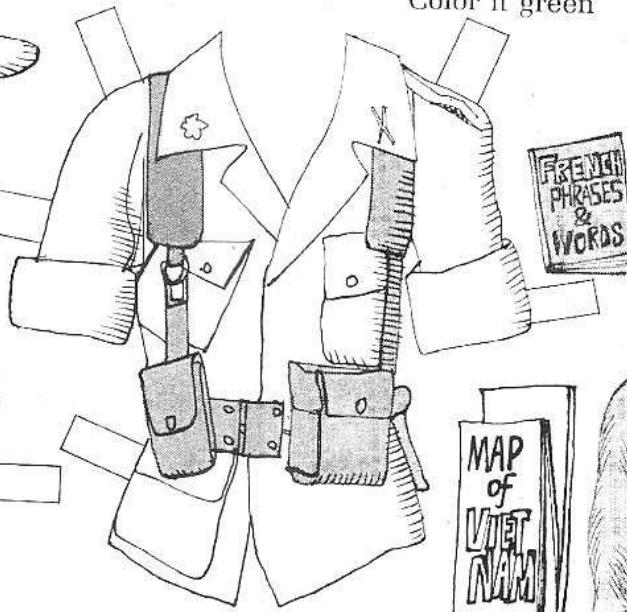
## BERET

Color it green



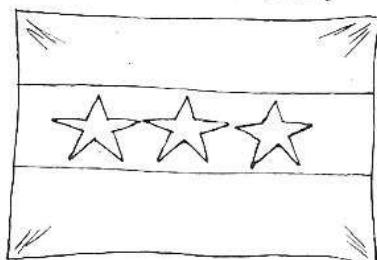
## JACKET

Color it green



## BOOTS

Color them muddy



## SOUVENIR ENEMY FLAG

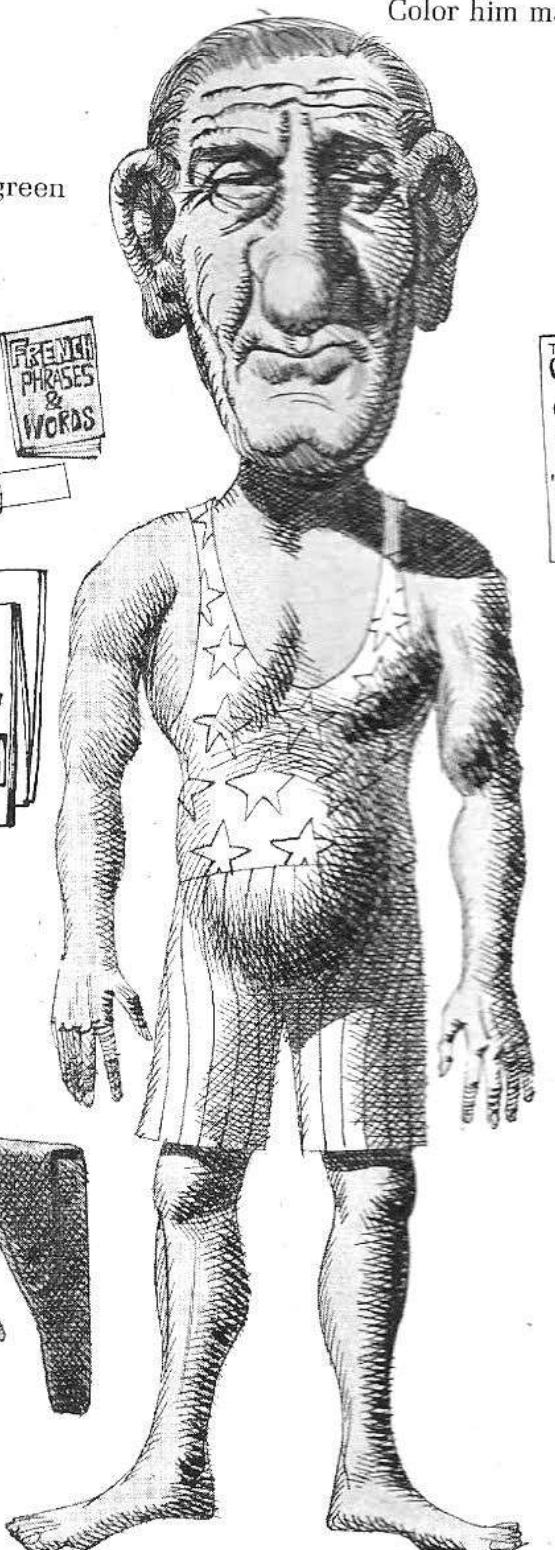
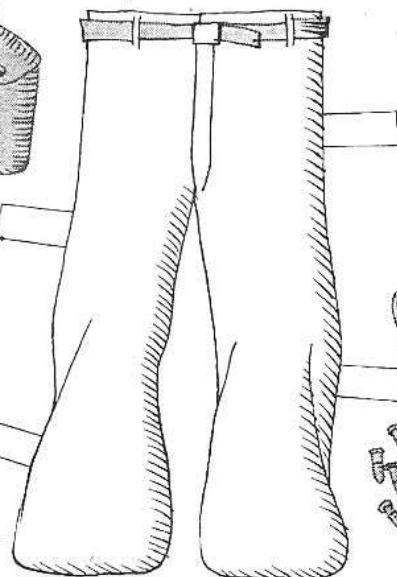
Top stripe-blue

Center-red with white stars

Lower stripe-green

## PANTS

Color green



Color him mad

THIS TICKET  
GOOD  
FOR  
2 FREE  
DRINKS  
AT THE  
"ALL-STAR"  
**BAR**  
**SAIGON**

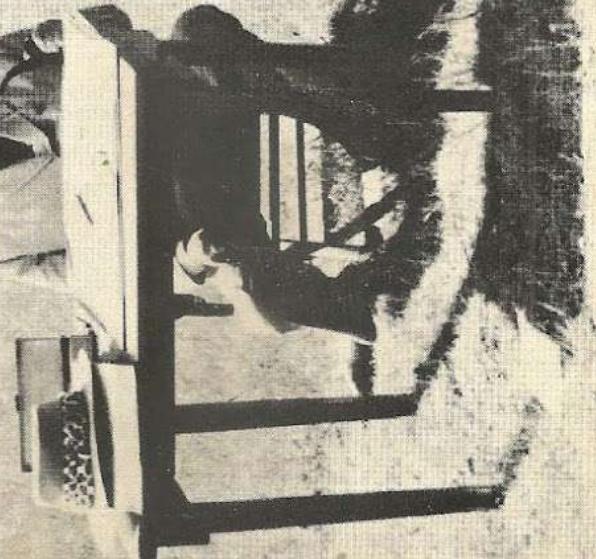


## UNDERSHIRT

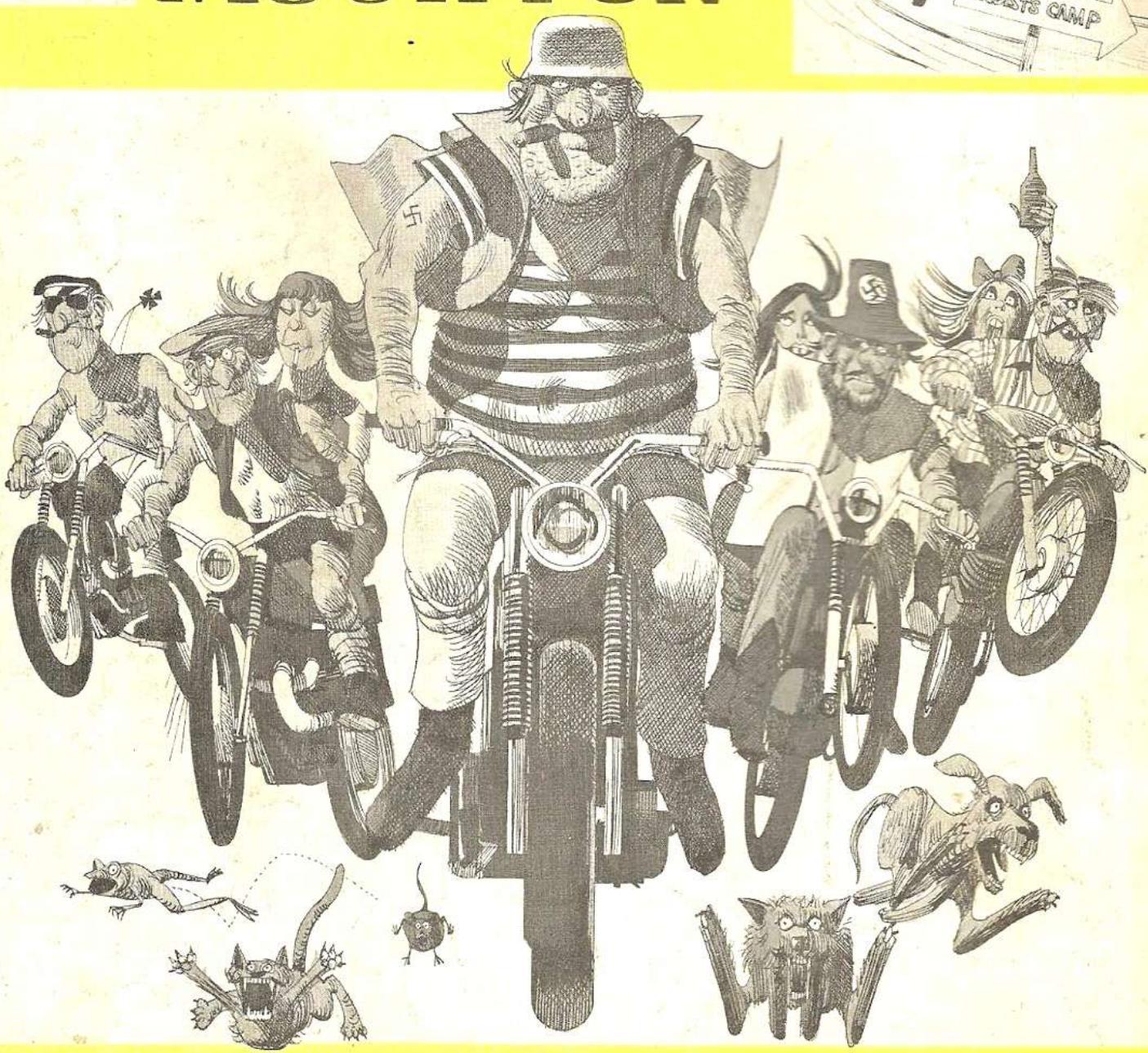
Blue background, white stars

Shorts-red and white stripes

I'm sorry, sir. You  
expect too much from  
an economy cruise!



# SOME PEOPLE HAVE SO MUCH FUN



Why don't you buy a Donda and join the crowd? Go to resort areas all over the country. Folsom, Sing Sing, Leavenworth.

You'll really be IN with the group. In trouble, that is. You'll have more fun on a Donda-- until the guys on those other motorcycles catch you--THE FUZZ!

You meet the wildest people on a Donda.

**DONDA**